The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 97. Vol. XVII. OCTOBER, 1899. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* October *will be noticed in the* November *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th November *in the* December *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

"John King" is, we hear, the provisional title which Mr. G. W. Steevens has given to the novel which is being awaited in literary circles with so much curiosity. In the first part of the story the scene is laid in Africa, and the description of the fight is considered by those who have read it to be one of the most dramatic pieces of writing of the sort which have appeared since Mr. Kipling's first attempt at novel writing, "The Light that Failed."

We understand that Mr. Hall Caine has written a special seventeen-page preface for the half-crown edition of "The Christian," which will be published next week.

We understand that Mr. Henry Broadhurst has written his autobiography for publication. It is said by those who have seen it to be a remarkably racy and vernacular book.

The Rev. W. H. Fitchett, author of "Deeds that Won the Empire," is meditating a life of Wellington.

Mr. Anthony Hope is speaking with warm praise of the young Duchess of Sutherland's new novel. She calls it "One Hour and the Next." It is a story concerning itself with the East End, and particularly with labour agitations.

Sir Walter Besant is writing a new novel for publication in the *Leisure Hour*. It is to be "The Story of a Settlement," and will deal with life in the East End.

We hear that Mr. Joseph Pennell and Mr. Phil May have been engaged to do the illustrations to the series of papers on East London which Sir Walter Besant is writing for publication in the *Century Magazine*.

The name of Mr. Winston Churchill, son of Lord Randolph Churchill, has been mentioned as a possible candidate for parliamentary honours in connection with the vacancy caused by the retirement of Major Rasch. The Major, who, by-the-bye, is a cousin of a brilliant novelist, Mr. Edward Cooper, is retiring from the representation of South-East Essex in order to seek the suffrages of the electors of the Chelmsford Division, who have unanimously invited him to succeed Mr. T. Usborne, that gentleman having decided not to seek re-election.

Apropos of Essex, we hear that the scene of Mr. Arthur Morrison's next novel is to be laid there in the neighbourhood of Hadleigh, where General Booth's Farm Colony is situated.

A work which is attracting considerable attention at present is an anonymous novel entitled "Punchinello," published by Mr. Bowden. The *Guardian*, which is not given to gush, pronounced it a work of "genius"; *Black and White* gave it—not a review, but a lengthy and enthusiastic article all to itself, and the reviewer of the *Academy*, in an unusually long notice, expressed the opinion that it was the work not of a novice, but of an expert and practised hand. This, we are informed, is not the case. "Punchinello" is a first book, and was written by a lady who resides at Brighton. A short story of hers came under the eye of Mr. Bowden's literary adviser, Mr. Kernahan, who urged the author to try her hand at a novel, with the result that "Punchinello" was written and was ultimately published by Mr. Bowden.

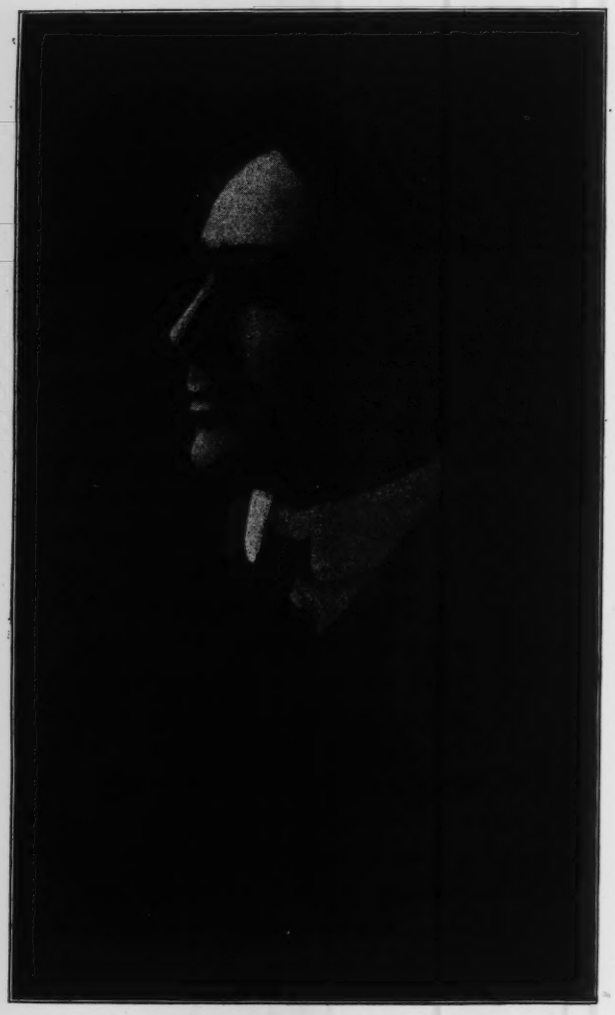
Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins has gone to Glasgow to assist at the rehearsals of his new play, "Rupert of Hentzau," which Mr. Alexander will produce in that city on the 9th inst. "Rupert" will not be seen in London until January, as it is not likely that the extensive alterations now being carried out at the St. James's Theatre will be completed before that date.

Now that the Harper Doubleday McClure combination is an accomplished fact, we are wondering whether the London house of Harper will adopt the plan of sending books on approval, or perhaps we should say on "sale or return," through the post to private persons, which is so great a feature of the management of the Doubleday and McClure Co. The plan does not seem to have been adopted as yet by any other house, and some reliable data as to the number of books lost in the post and the number neither paid for nor returned would be interesting.

Many authors, editors, and publishers would be saved much trouble, and in some cases expense, if it were not necessary to have exactly simultaneous publication in order to secure copyright both in England and America. The Copyright Bill now before Parliament takes a step in the right direction as far as England is concerned, in that it will provide that a "book" (a term which covers a novel, story, article, pamphlet, etc., etc.) will be copyright if published in this country within fourteen days of first publication elsewhere. We believe that it was at the suggestion of Mr. A. S. Watt that Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins brought this proposal before the House of Lords Committee, who at once adopted it. We suggest that Mr. Hawkins or Mr. Watt should now turn his attention to getting a similar provision inserted in the American Copyright Act. Perhaps our friends the publishers and editors on the other side

will take the matter up. Such an alteration would very often save those of them who use English matter a good deal of worry, time, trouble, and money.

It is rumoured that there are shortly to be English editions of both *Munsey's* and *McClure's Magazines*. We shall be curious to see whether these periodicals, both of which have enormous circulations in America, can be made to appeal to the same extent to English readers. We believe we are correct in saying that the circulations of the American magazines of which there are already English



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

editions are comparatively insignificant compared with the sales in America.

Mr. Richard Whiteing's novel, "No. 5, John Street," seems to be having as large a measure of success in America as it is having in this country. Mr. Grant Richards now announces the twenty-second thousand in this country and the Century Co. the eighteenth thousand of the American edition. A new edition of Mr. Whiteing's first novel, "The Island," will be published here and in America on the 10th inst. The book in its original form was issued by Messrs. Longmans and Co. some years ago.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is still residing abroad, and is reported to be busy on his new novel, which is to be a sequel to his "Three Men in a Boat." We hear that *To-day* has secured the right of publishing the book serially in this country.

We hear that the editor of *Tit Bits* has secured a new serial by Mr. William Le Queux, and that the editor of *Pearson's Weekly* has also commissioned Mr. Le Queux to write one for him for publication in his paper in the new year.

It is not now likely that Dr. Farrar's new book, "The Life of Lives," will be ready for publication until the early spring of the new year. The book is supplementary to the author's "Life of Christ."

Mr. Bret Harte's new book, entitled "Jack Hamlin's Mediation and Other Stories," will be published in this country and in America on October 25th.

Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. will publish the English edition of Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's new novel, which is entitled "Janice Meredith."

Sir Henry M. Stanley has gone to live at Furze Hill, Pirbright, Surrey.

Mr. E. W. Hornung has finished a new novel, "The Belle of Zoorak," which will be published in America in the pages of *Lippincott's Magazine*.

Mr. William Westall has finished a new novel, to which he has given the title of "In Spite of Himself." It is a story of lapsed memory.

It is not often that an English author publishes a book in America, but leaves it unpublished in his own country. Curiously enough, however, the series of Recollections and Reminiscences which Dean Farrar contributed a year or two ago to the *Temple Magazine* has been issued as a book on the other side of the Atlantic, but has apparently been withheld from publication here. Yet the papers on Tennyson and Matthew Arnold were full of interest, and would no doubt have proved a very popular volume to English readers. Perhaps Dean Farrar intends to incorporate them in some future and more bulky book of Reminiscences.

Some of the best selling books are those of which the "reviews" have little to say, and which are seldom heard of outside the class of buyers to which they specially appeal. The very large circle of readers who are interested in recitations will be glad to know that Mr. Jay Hickory Wood, whose "Recitations: Comic and Otherwise," published by Mr. James Bowden, has had a sale which many a novelist might envy, will shortly publish, through Mr. French, of the Strand, another volume of the same sort.

A noteworthy translation is being published shortly by Messrs. Jarrold. It is of the German novel called "The Tone King," by Heribert Rau. This, as German scholars remember, sets out with great elaboration the life story of Mozart. It is a fascinating book, and has been very well translated.

One of Mr. Fisher Unwin's autumn successes will probably be a novel called "The Rhymer," which deals with the story of Clorinda. This is pronounced one of the cleverest novels of the season.

MR. S. S. McCLURE.
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The publication of Mr. Kipling's "Stalky and Co." has been put off until next week on account of the unexpectedly large number of orders received.

Our readers will be interested in the accompanying portraits of Mr. S. S. Maclure and Mr. F. N. Doubleday. Mr. Maclure, the founder and chief owner of the Maclure interests, was born in County Antrim in 1857, of Scotch ancestors. In 1866 he went to America with his family, who settled in Northern Indiana. Almost immediately after he graduated at Knox College Mr. Maclure entered the service of the Pope Manufacturing Company as editor and manager of the *Wheelman*. A year or so later he went to New York to enter the service of the De Vinne Press. In 1884 he started the first American Newspaper Syndicate, and nine years later the *Maclure Magazine* was issued to the public. The story of his subsequent success is known to all.

Mr. Doubleday is still on the right side of forty. He obtained a position in the publishing house of Messrs. Scribner when fourteen years old, and there he stayed, rising steadily in the firm's esteem until 1897, when he joined forces with Mr. Maclure and started the publishing business known as the Doubleday and Maclure Company.

FATHER LUCAS, S.J.
From Photo by Hughes, S. Asaph.

We give this month new portraits of Mr. Winston Churchill, the author of "Richard Carvel," and of Father Herbert J. Lucas, S.J., whose interesting life of Savonarola was fully reviewed in our last issue.

One of the most capable and brilliant journalists of America is Mr. W. H. Page, now associated with the powerful Harper-McClure-Doubleday Corporation. Mr. Page first made his mark in American journalism by his editorship of the *Forum*. He was singularly successful in choosing up-to-date and exciting subjects, and getting the most capable men to write on them. The result was that the *Forum* sprang into a large circulation almost at once. Mr. Page was then invited to fill the editorial chair of the *Atlantic Monthly* in succession to Mr. Horace Scudder. Here he had a difficult task before him. The literary traditions of the *Atlantic Monthly* were of the best, but it did not appeal so powerfully as it once did to the popular taste. Mr. Page had to combine reverence for the traditions of the past with adaptation to the tastes of the present, and it is admitted he did so with great and unlooked-for success. He has now been engaged as editor of the great Encyclopædia in preparation by the Harper-McClure-Doubleday Company, and no better man could be found for the position. The new company has already enlisted in this service some of the very strongest young journalists in the United States.

MR. WALTER H. PAGE.

Mr. William Le Queux's new story of London life, "The Bond of Black," will be issued immediately by Messrs. F. V. White and Co. The proprietors of *Tit Bits* have just acquired the serial rights of a new story by the same author, which will appear under the title of "For his Country and his Queen." Mr. Le Queux is, we understand, at work on a new novel dealing with the cosmopolitan life on the Riviera, which he has christened "The Gamblers." It will make its serial appearance in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

MR. F. N. DOUBLEDAY.
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Poetry.

THE LAKE OF GAUBE.

By Algernon Charles Swinburne.

THE sun is lord and god, sublime, serene,
And sovereign on the mountains: earth and air
Lie prone in passion, blind with bliss unseen
By force of sight and might of rapture, fair
As dreams that die and know not what they were.
The lawns, the gorges, and the peaks, are one
Glad glory, thrilled with sense of unison
In strong compulsive silence of the sun.

Flowers dense and keen as midnight stars aflame
And living things of light like flames in flower
That glance and flash as though no hand might tame
Lightnings whose life outshone their stormlit hour
And played and laughed on earth, with all their power
Gone, and with all their joy of life made long
And harmless as the lightning life of song,
Shine sweet like stars when darkness feels them strong.

The deep mild purple flaked with moonbright gold
That makes the scales seem flowers of hardened light,
The flamelike tongue, the feet that noon leaves cold,
The kindly trust in man, when once the sight
Grew less than strange, and faith bade fear take flight,
Outlive the little harmless life that shone
And gladdened eyes that loved it, and was gone
Ere love might fear that fear had looked thereon.

Fear held the bright thing hateful, even as fear,
Whose name is one with hate and horror, saith
That heaven, the dark deep heaven of water near,
Is deadly deep as hell and dark as death.
The rapturous plunge that quickens blood and breath
With pause more sweet than passion, ere they strive
To raise again the limbs that yet would dive
Deeper, should there have slain the soul alive.

As the bright salamander in fire of the noonshine exults and is glad of his day,
The spirit that quickens my body rejoices to pass from the sunlight away,
To pass from the glow of the mountainous flowerage, the high multitudinous bloom,
Far down through the fathomless night of the water, the gladness of silence and gloom.
Death-dark and delicious as death in the dream of a lover and dreamer may be,
It clasps and encompasses body and soul with delight to be living and free:
Free utterly now, though the freedom endure but the space of a perilous breath,
And living, though girdled about with the darkness and coldness and strangeness of death:
Each limb and each pulse of the body rejoicing, each nerve of the spirit at rest,
All sense of the soul's life rapture, a passionate peace in its blindness blest.
So plunges the downward swimmer, embraced of the water unfathomed of man,
The darkness unplummeted, icier than seas in midwinter, for blessing or ban;
And swiftly and sweetly, when strength and breath fall short, and the dive is done,
Shoots up as a shaft from the dark depth shot, sped straight into sight of the sun;
And sheer through the snow-soft water, more dark than the roof of the pines above,
Strikes forth, and is glad as a bird whose flight is impelled and sustained of love.
As a sea-mew's love of the sea-wind breasted and ridden for rapture's sake
Is the love of his body and soul for the darkling delight of the soundless lake:
As the silent speed of a dream too living to live for a thought's space more
Is the flight of his limbs through the still strong chill of the darkness from shore to shore.
Might life be as this is and death be as life that casts off time as a robe,
The likeness of infinite heaven were a symbol revealed of the lake of Gaube.

Whose thought has fathomed and measured
  The darkness of life and of death,
The secret within them treasured,
  The spirit that is not breath?
Whose vision has yet beholden
  The splendour of death and of life?
Though sunset as dawn be golden,
  Is the word of them peace, not strife?
Deep silence answers: the glory
  We dream of may be but a dream,
And the sun of the soul wax hoary
  As ashes that show not a gleam.
But well shall it be with us ever
  Who drive through the darkness here,
If the soul that we live by never,
  For aught that a lie saith, fear.

THE LUCK OF VESPRIE TOWERS.

(FROM A FORTHCOMING POETICAL ROMANCE.)

BY THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON,
Author of "Aylwin."

Vesprie Luck shall never die
While the rainbow in the sky
Makes a rainbow in the water
*For a sign to son or daughter.**

ANCIENT LOCAL SAW.

CHARACTERS.

THE POET.—A friend of Violet Vesprie's late brother, unknown to Violet. Until he overheard her speak heedlessly some scornful words of his low birth, he was secretly in love with Violet.

VIOLET.—A beautiful girl—the last representative of the ancient Vesprie family, to whom, if to anybody, must come the Luck of Vesprie Towers.

SCENE.

A room in a wing of Vesprie Towers. Violet alone sitting in an antique arm-chair, has fallen asleep. Before her is spread a drawing of the Towers which she has been looking at by lamp-light.

THE POET.

[*Entering the room and starting back in surprise on seeing Violet.*]

The lovely face I loved thrown back in sleep—
The lamp-light flushing all the silken skin,
The brow of pearl whose sunny tresses sweep
Adown the throat and neck and lifted chin—
The lips Love shaped for his own lips to press,
Then saw them grow to such cold haughtiness
That he himself, though longing to caress,
Has never dared to win.

[*While he stands gazing at her the proud expression on her mouth relaxes, and then fades away, and she smiles.*]

THE POET (*drawing nearer*).

"The Luck of Vesprie Towers," a Prince of Elves
Whose mirrored rainbow guards the Vesprie girls—
(Though, from of old, they well could guard themselves)
Is surely hovering o'er these golden curls—
Is bringing you that wild old Vesprie dream,
Making you smile with lips and teeth that seem
To open like a rose whose petals gleam
Half-hiding dewdrop pearls.

VIOLET (*talking in her sleep*).

'Tis the spirit brings that glow
Smiling where the skies were dark,
Bends the many coloured bow
O'er the oak, the wood, the park,
Wakes the skylark's merry strain
As he mounts through drops of rain—
Makes the river glitter once again
With the mirrored arc.
In the water, amber-tinted
By the stain of fallen leaves
Blown from sward the leaves have printed
With the hues the Autumn weaves
Gleams the mirror'd bow of love,
Painted from the one above,
Where the river pauses, full thereof—
Full and yet receives.

THE POET.

Where moonbeams glimmer through the panes of glass
And mingle with the lamp-light's rosy bloom,
You dream of "Vesprie Oak" and leaves and grass
And mirrored rainbows!—in this panelled room!
Beneath that oak you stand in that same place
Where I have seen you oft when trying to trace
The Vesprie elf in gossamer-opal lace
Outspread on Autumn's loom.

VIOLET (*her lips shaping themselves in her sleep to a kiss*).

Faintly, sweetly in the water,
Like a half-forgotten bliss,
Gleams for me, the "Vesprie daughter"—
What I long'd for, pined for—this
This sweet bow, the happy sign,
Of the joy that will be mine!
"Vesprie Luck," while fairy colours shine,
Claims me by the kiss.

THE POET.

Now, Sleeping Beauty, was it Fate or chance—
My foemen both!—that led my footsteps here?
Where, like that Princess, daughter of old Romance
Imprisoned in the Fairies' magic sphere,
You sit and dream and see the sought-for sight
Your fancy fashions for your heart's delight,
What Powers have brought my pallid face to-night?
Dead Love is pale as Fear!
What Powers have brought you this unhonoured boy
Who loved you, spite of Fate and Vesprie creed—
Yea, spite of all, and asked no sweeter joy
For his own passionate heart's divinest meed
Than just to love you—just to stand apart
And love you, Lady, you whose heedless dart
Careless of what it wounded—slew his heart—
Ah, left it dead indeed!
While you were yearning for the spirit who brings
The mirrored bow—"The Luck of Vesprie Towers,"
How *should* you dream of me who took the stings
Of playful scorn to spoil his lonely hours?
All things must yield to fate—must yield at last,
Even Violet's lips must yield—though guarded fast
From low-born lips—held safe by guardian caste!—
Fate brought me to these flowers.

[*He leans forward over the table and touches her lips with his own. Then seeing that her eyes open, he springs away and glides out of the room.*]

* The phenomenon of the mirrored rainbow (which is only to be seen in perfectly still water) is so rare that it was and still is, believed to be peculiar to the river running through "Vesprie Park." This, however, is a mistake, as the present writer showed when writing of George Borrow.

VIOLET (*awakening*).

What is this mysterious thrill?
Sleep seems wearing Love's warm wings:
Do I wake, or am I still
Mingled with immortal things?
Did I hear, and did I see
One who sighed—who gazed at me,
While the moon's rare music seemed to be
Struck from fairy strings?
All a dream! Ah, well, they say
Sleep can make her dreams come true
If—before the arid day
Dries them up like morning dew—
We can seize them, own them ours;
Then they grow to fairy bowers.
All a dream! And yet through Vesprie Towers
Ev'n the air seems new.
Did I stand in Oaken Grove
Where the deer had come to browse?
Did a rainbow shine above
Vesprie Oak and tinge the boughs?
Did the ferns and leaves and stems
Down the deer park shine like gems—
Shine like Autumn's glittering diadems
Woven for elfin brows?
Spring seemed gone and summer faded,
Autumn wore so sunny a glow
That the birds seemed half persuaded
June was back with flowers in blow,
Trees and hedges, bowers and bushes,
Woke with June's own jays and thrushes!
Every warbler in the reeds and rushes
Hailed the glittering bow,
Till a voice said, "In the river
See the mirrored bow grow dim:
When the stream begins to quiver
It will fade or lose a limb."
Ere the voice had left my side,
Love's reflected rainbow died,
And I woke, for some one near me sighed:
Let me think of him.

[*Starting up.*]

That fond face which seemed, even now,
Bending o'er me when I woke—
That soft light upon the brow—
Those wide eyes whose deep lights spoke
Worlds of love—'twas love for me!—
'Tis the face I yearned to see—
'Tis the Luck of Vesprie Towers, and he
Waits beneath the Oak.

[*She hurriedly leaves the room.*]

NEW WRITERS.

MRS. M. E. MANN.

MRS. MANN is steadily winning a very high reputation among the newer writers of fiction. "Susannah," the first novel that attracted attention, is still probably her most substantial performance. But "Moonlight," and her most recent book, "The Patten Experiment," the one in a less definite, the other in a rather slighter way, show equal cleverness and perhaps even an advance in artistic dexterity. Already she is far beyond the stage of promise, and her gifts are such as to ensure her an honourable success.

From Photo by [*Coe, Norwich,*
MRS. M. E. MANN.

Mrs. Mann is the only daughter of a Norwich merchant, and comes, as she says, of a family of readers rather than writers. It was only when marriage placed her in a remote and uninteresting country village that she turned to her pen to relieve the tedium of country life. Her first book, "The Parish of Hilby, was at the author's risk published as long ago as 1883. It was well received by the press, and Mrs. Mann was from the beginning encouraged in her work by the kindness and courtesy of reviewers, for which much abused mortals she has always a good word. Mrs. Mann's next novel was published by Messrs. Bentley and Son. Shortly after the despatch of the manuscript, Mrs. Mann received a letter from Mr. George Bentley asking her to call upon him when in London. Mrs. Mann well remembers with what trepidation she complied with the request. Mr. Bentley was kindness itself. In his courtly way he talked to her of Dickens and of the many literary giants he had known, and then, turning to the friend who had accompanied her, he said, "I think it probable that this lady may attain fame." Such an opinion, coming from one whose literary judgment was particularly acute, naturally encouraged the unknown author. Mrs. Mann's hopes were in some degree disappointed when her new novel, "A Lost Estate," notwithstanding the enthusiastic praise of some of the most influential literary journals, failed to arouse the interest of the public. Several novels subsequently issued suffered the same fate as "A Lost Estate"; indeed, it was not until "Susannah," "The Cedar Star," and "Moon light" appeared in quick succession that Mrs. Mann's work can be said to have met with the success it certainly deserved.

MONTHLY REPORTS OF THE WHOLESALE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

AUGUST 21ST TO SEPTEMBER 23RD, 1899.

Business was quiet for the first two weeks of the period under notice, but in the earlier part of September, consequent on the re-assembling of the schools, it revived considerably. Supplying schools with books by the provincial bookseller is not carried on to the same extent as formerly. Supplies are in many instances obtained from London, and, sad to tell, in some cases from the publishers.

The Export Trade continues brisk, but even here the wholesale trade does not get such a large share of the orders as it deserves, when the amount of detail is taken into consideration.

The 6s. novel continues to please the reading public. The favourites are "A Double Thread," "No. 5, John Street," "The Market Place," and "The Fowler." It is rumoured that several of the leading authors of works of fiction will not issue a new book during the present season.

The publishers have commenced their autumn campaign, large numbers of new works and new editions being already on the market, including many of the annual volumes.

With regard to school-books, it is noticeable that no particular publication has such a large sale as was the case with this class of work a few years since. This probably arises from the fact that in many instances the master writes a book for use in his own school.

The attention centred in the Dreyfus case has also been centred in the literature of the subject. Mr. Conybeare's book has been very popular.

The season for 6d. novels seems to be over.

There is still much competition among the 6d. illustrated magazines, but each seems to hold its own at present. The favourite publications in this department are *Harper*, *Pall Mall*, *Harmsworth*, *Strand*, *Windsor*, *Royal*, and *Wide World*, while as an ideal lady's magazine the *Woman at Home* enjoys the largest sale.

Works dealing with the Transvaal are in good demand, and there has been renewed inquiry for "The Story of an African Farm."

The literature of the Church question is again attracting attention, and Walsh's "Secret History of the Oxford Movement" has a brisk sale.

A 6s. uniform edition of Kipling's works is very popular, as also "Elizabeth and her German Garden" and "A Solitary Summer," the demand for the two latter books being well sustained.

Appended is the usual list of the most popular books of the hour, from a bookseller's point of view:

A Double Thread. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
No. 5, John Street. By R. Whiteing. 6s. (Richards.)
The Market Place. By H. Frederic. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Fowler. By B. Harraden. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)
Ione March. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Hodder.)
Mammon & Co. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Orange Girl. By W. Besant. 6s. (Chatto.)
The King's Mirror. By A. Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)
Kit Kennedy. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Clarke.)
Trooper 3809. By L. Decle. 6s. (Heinemann.)
A Solitary Summer. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Elizabeth and her German Garden. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Kipling. 6s. edition. (Macmillan.)
The Individualist. By W. H. Mallock. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)
Works on Dreyfus. (Various.)
The Human Boy. By E. Phillpotts. 6s. (Methuen.)
Richard Carvell. By W. Churchill. 6s. (Macmillan.)
David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. 6s. (Pearson.)
To London Town. By A. Morrison. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Custom of the Country. By Mrs. H. Fraser. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Meiklejohn's History, Geography, etc. (A. Holden.)
The Martyrdom of an Empress. 7s. 6d. (Harper.)
Secret History of the Oxford Movement. By W. Walsh. 3s. 6d. net. (Thynne.)
The Story of an African Farm. By O. Schreiner. 3s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
Cricketing Reminiscences. By W. G. Grace. 6s. (Bowden.)
Professions for Boys. 3s. 6d. (Simpkin.)

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Aug. 26—Business still quiet in town and country departments. Export business brisker.
Sept. 2—A slight improvement on the home departments. Foreign and colonial orders more satisfactory.
" 9—A decided increase in town and country business. Colonial, continental, and other trade continues good.
" 16—A fairly busy week at home, the school orders being heavy. In the export departments there is a good trade doing.
" 23—This week is the busiest experienced for some months in both town and country. The foreign and colonial departments are still busy.

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(2) SCOTLAND.

AUGUST 21ST TO SEPTEMBER 20TH, 1899.

The tourist season now drawing to a close was undoubtedly the best ever experienced in Scotland, and literature suited to the travelling public had every chance of sale. In this connection, of course, the sixpenny novel had a prominent place, and every work dealing with descriptions of scenery or recording historical romance went off freely.

Just as the tourist trade began to decline, there came from all parts of the country a brisk demand for school and college books, which, owing to recent movements in Scotch education, is likely to continue for some weeks to come.

The extraordinary interest excited by the Dreyfus trial was well catered for by the illustrated weekly journals, and these sold with surprising rapidity. The *Graphic* and *Black and White* special numbers were the most successful, and just as this report is given Steevens' racy work on the "Tragedy of Dreyfus" is the book of the hour.

In connection with the Transvaal crisis, every recent book on South Africa, such as "Rhodesia," issued by the British South African Company, was in request, and for maps there was a specially large demand, the one published by Johnston, of Edinburgh, having the preference.

The most pretentious local Scotch publications were a handsome volume descriptive of the "Lake of Menteith and its Islands," issued by Mr. Mackay, of Stirling, and a reissue of McIan's "Costumes of the Clans of Scotland," with seventy-four coloured illustrations.

The following is our usual list of best-selling books during the time under review:—

The King's Mirror. By A. Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Human Boy. By E. Phillpotts. 6s. (Methuen.)
Dr. Nikola's Experiment. By G. Boothby. 5s. (Hodder.)
Mammon and Co. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)
In Full Cry. By R. Marsh. 6s. (White.)
Trooper 3809. By L. Decle. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Martyrdom of an Empress. 7s. 6d. (Harper.)
The Orange Girl. By Sir W. Besant. 6s. (Chatto.)
A Double Thread. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Romance of Ludwig II. of Bavaria. 16s. (Hutchinson.)
Kit Kennedy. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Clarke.)
To London Town. By A. Morrison. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Tragedy of Dreyfus. By G. W. Steevens. 5s. (Harper.)
Grace's Cricketing Reminiscences. 6s. (Bowden.)
When Rogues Fall Out. By J. Hatton. 6s. (Pearson.)
A Name to Conjure With. By J. S. Winter. 6s. (White.)
Ione March. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Hodder.)
The White King of Manoa. By J. Hatton. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The Reader.

"INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM."*

THE bookmen of the present day may be divided roughly into two classes. One camp is composed of those who deplore the enormous increase of books, the other camp of those who welcome that increase. Thus the battle of the books has involved a battle of the bookmen.

It is seldom indeed that the two classes meet on common ground, for their goals are wide asunder, yet it seems to us that they may well suspend hostilities for a time, and unite to praise this "Library of Famous Literature," which is remarkable in many ways, and not least in the way in which it makes appeal to two distinct and opposite publics.

DR. RICHARD GARNETT, C.B.,
Editor of "The Library of Famous Literature."

It must be clear to all that the dying century has witnessed a marvellous growth both of readers and of reading matter. Never before were there so many publications, never before so many to read them. Add to the purchasers of books the subscribers to public and private libraries, and you have a host that no man can number. Some bookmen regard this vast army as a barbarian, a Vandal horde which threatens to trample under foot all that is finest in letters; to others, it is a splendid gathering of recruits. All agree that it needs discipline and training. Such discipline and training is, it appears to us, supplied by this Library.

It must not be forgotten that to the vast majority reading must always be something of a pastime, or at least an occupation for odd moments snatched from the main pursuits, for only to a very select few is Literature the business of life. The literature of "snippets" naturally makes appeal to this majority. But as the passion for reading grows, and in every intelligent mind it is as the mustard seed, there is a craving for some more solid nourishment than the very light foods provided by the popular weeklies and the illustrated magazines. There are some who would deny this growth of literary appreciation, some who, judging this multitude of readers in the light of the ever increasing sale of "snippets," discover no evidence of progress. How, then, do they account for the success of the many beautiful and cheap editions of Shakespeare and the classics which have been issued during the last few years, to our mind one of the most promising and significant signs of the time? Such books are certainly not bought by the man of letters of the old school. A facilitated education adds each year an increased contingent to this new public, which owes its very introduction to reading to the lightest of literature, so that while many leave the ranks of "snippet" readers to find their pleasure and their profit in books of some abiding worth, the gaps are immediately filled up.

The average reader, one of this majority, stands bewildered, however, when, to satisfy a craving engendered and fostered by "snippet" reading, he finds his way into the world's library. He is embarrassed by the richness of the treasure. Where, what shall he begin? It is now that the danger of the multitude of books becomes apparent. The temptation is that he will take up what first comes to hand, likely enough something indifferent, if not wholly bad,—that

* "The Library of Famous Literature." Edited by Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B., Donald G. Mitchell, Professor Brandl, and Léon Vallée. With Introductions by Henry James, Ferdinand Brunetière, Maurice Maeterlinck, A. P. Valdès, Sir Walter Besant, Paul Bourget, Bret Harte, Émile Zola, Professor Dowden, Dean Farrar, E. Melchior de Vogüé, Professor Villari, Dr. Henry Smith Williams, Andrew Lang, and the editors. In twenty volumes. (The Publishing Offices of *The Standard*.)

COMTE E. MELCHIOR DE VOGÜÉ.

M. FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE.

dom of "You ought to read books, as you take medicine, by advice, and not advertisement." We would not for a moment seek to lessen the power or importance of contemporary criticism, but seeing that there can never more be an official or universally accepted standard of excellence, that the ages of literary *canons* are buried deep in the past, that there are as many "hundred best books" as there are critics, seeing that Mr. Ruskin's doctors often differ materially in diagnosis and in prescription, to whom shall we turn for this much needed advice?

The want is best supplied, we think, by the anthology, excellently supplied by such an anthology as "The Library of Famous Literature." It is a great sampling-room of letters—the expression savours of merchandise, but makes clear our meaning. Every reader *must* sample, for if reading be not in the first instance chosen according to individual taste, it will surely prove wearisome and unprofitable. The one thing needful, therefore, in an anthology is that these samples, however different in outward semblance and inner significance, should all be of the finest quality, so that the reader may taste the best of its kind in every class of literature, and thus tasting cultivate and stimulate the finest and best in his nature and intelligence. These volumes have been compiled on the plan of the survival of the fittest, a plan admirably suited, indeed the only feasible plan, for a work which makes so wide an appeal. For Time is at once the most exacting, the most just, and the most broad-minded of critics. "The Library of Famous Literature" is composed mainly of extracts from such books as have "come down," and therefore, according to Emerson, "deserve to last." These extracts do not consist of a few lines printed without regard for the context, but are of such length that they serve fairly to represent the author and his work. They form a collection from the "classics" of all times and all languages. The magnitude and scope of this collection are altogether unparalleled in literature, and these magnify its value and its interest, but no work may be appraised by the number of its pages. There will doubtless be difference of opinion as to the inclusion or exclusion of certain extracts, on such a question *tot homines, tot sententiæ*, but, after a careful examination of the volumes, it is a pleasure to be able to state that we have not discovered a page, not a name, for whose place in such a gallery of fame there was not

DR. ALOIS BRANDL,
Professor of Literature at the University of Berlin.

MR. ANDREW LANG.

MR. BRET HARTE.

DEAN FARRAR.

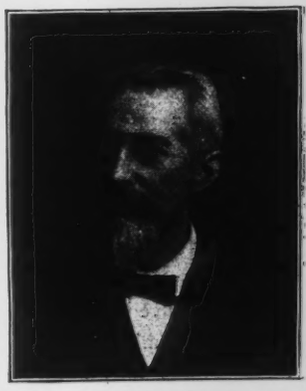
Dr. Richard Garnett, whose long experience at the British Museum and wide sympathy with literature of all kinds and classes pre-eminently fitted him for such an editorship. He and his associates have raised a splendid monument to Literature, and they have every reason to be proud that their names are inscribed around its base.

The value of "The Library of Famous Literature" as a guide to reading is greatly enhanced by the critical essays which form an introduction to each volume. These studies are perhaps a novel feature in anthologies, but are on that account the more welcome. They serve to explain, and perhaps in some few instances to correct, the criticisms of Time. They offer, too, that advice which Mr. Ruskin considers imperative, and which is most certainly valuable as an aid to individual choice. It is not, however, our intention, in an article which attempts to deal with the value of an anthology, to enter into a discussion of the theories and opinions of individual essayists. It suffices merely to catalogue the names of these writers, for they are full justification. The editors have undertaken a gigantic task in thus attempting to concentrate the essence of a vast library, and it is no mean praise to say that they have performed that task in a manner worthy of their names and reputations. Every one will congratulate the promoters of the enterprise on their choice of a guarantee of the best and most lucid criticism that contemporary letters can offer. Mr. Andrew Lang writes on The Progress of Literature in the Nineteenth Century, Mr. Henry James on The Rise of the Novel, M. Brunetière on French Poetry, M. Maeterlinck on The Development of the Drama since Shakespeare, Sir Walter Besant on Novels that have Made History, M. Paul Bourget on The Evolution of Literary Criticism, Sig. A. P. Valdès on The Decadence of Modern Literature, Mr. Bret Harte on The Rise of the Short Story, M. Emile Zola on Naturalism and Romanticism, Prof. Dowden on The Elizabethan Era and its Influence on English Literature, Prof. Mahaffy on the Literature of History, Dean Farrar on The Literature of Religious Apologia and Criticism, Comte Melchior de Vogüé, a writer of remarkable power and insight; who deserves to be better known in this country, on Russian Literature, Prof. Villari, the eminent Italian historian, on the Renaissance, Mr. Donald G. Mitchell (the "Ik. Marvel" of many charming essays and sketches) on The Greater Literature of the World, Dr. Henry Smith Williams on The Literature of Science, Dr. Alois Brandl on German Literature, M. Leon Vallée on French Literature. Each essay is a brilliant introduction to an epoch or class of literature, and there are doubtless many

MR. DONALD G. MITCHELL ("IK. MARVEL).

M. EMILE ZOLA.

SIR WALTFR BESANT.

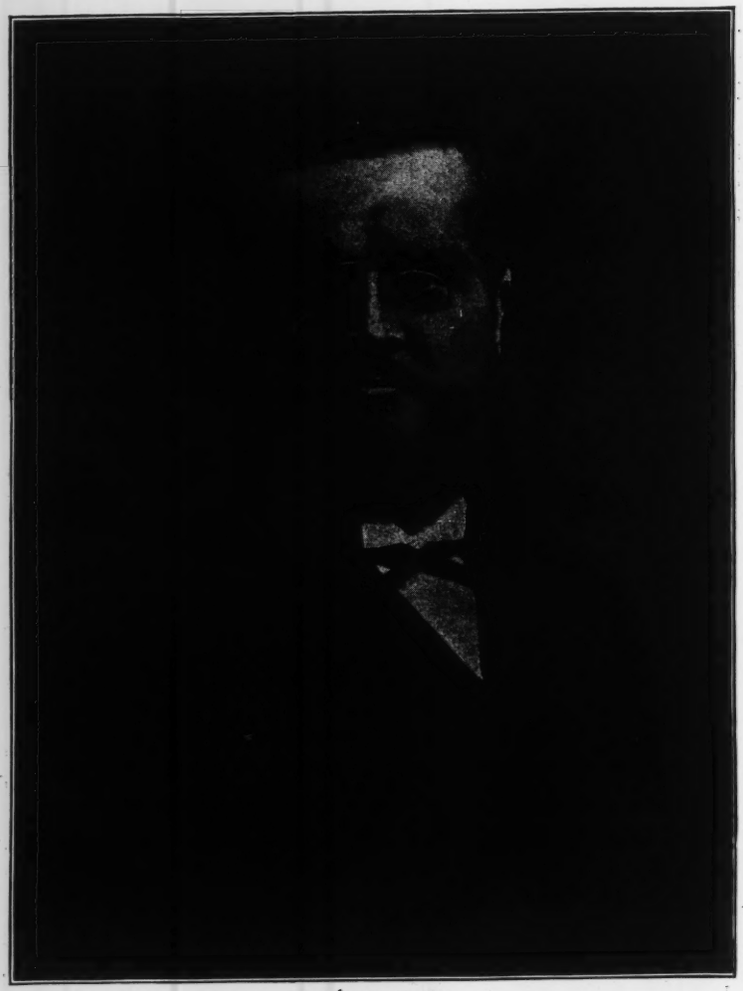


PROFESSOR EDWARD DOWDEN.

PROFESSOR VILLARI.

who will prize these volumes if only for the sake of these historical and critical studies, for it is fascinating work to turn from the opinions of the first critics of the day to the literature on which they base their opinions, and then compare individual tastes and individual theories.

We have dwelt at some length upon the plan and editorship of "The Library of Famous Literature," because it is after all by these that an anthology, however ambitious in conception, however great in bulk, must stand or fall. For these volumes claim to represent the literature of all time. Such a claim is not justified merely by the extent of the collection, but by the right of representation of each author, each book, each extract. But this magnificent bouquet from the garden of literature is disfigured by no weeds, for it has been gathered and sorted with the utmost patience and care by the first authorities on what might well be called the botany of letters.



M. LÉON VALLÉE,
Librarian of the Bibliothèque Nationale.

"The Library of Famous Literature" is certainly the most comprehensive and complete anthology that has ever been issued. It is indeed difficult within the limits of a short review to give anything like an adequate idea of its contents. A word must first be said as to the general style of the volumes. Such a library should be easy to handle and to read, and, above all, durable. These are essentials, essentials which have in every way received successful consideration from the publishers, for the books are printed on light and good unglazed paper, in clear type, and are bound handsomely and strongly. They are, moreover, embellished with nearly five hundred full-page illustrations, two hundred portraits of eminent authors, a series of pictures of authors' homes and haunts, and a number of photographs of famous writers in their studies and libraries. The art of book-production, which is bound up in literature, is illustrated by a number of excellent coloured reproductions of rare specimens of book illumination.

The wealth of these volumes is not to be told in a few paragraphs. It is indeed summed up in the two indexes, the index of subjects and the index of authors' names, titles of books, and first lines, but how can these, containing as they do over 10,000 entries, be compressed into a few lines? Let us glance at any page at random, and note down some of the famous names whose work is there referred to. Page 9771—such a figure alone conveys some idea of the extent of the Library—indexes selections from Junius, Lady Montagu, Chesterfield, Sévigné, Bolingbroke, Bismarck, John Wesley, the Nibelungenlied, Horace, Oehlenschläger, La Fontaine, Mistral, Livy, Rabelais, Lessing, Grote, Lever, Lover, Motley, John Stuart Mill, Milton, Leslie Stephen, G. H. Lewes, Macaulay, Sir George Trevelyan, Bacon, Young, Calderon, Valdès, Farrar, Renan, Saint Simon, Izaak Walton, Captain Mahan, Sir Edwin Arnold, Herrick, Rouget de l'Isle, Shelley, Gay, Campbell, Scott, Locke, Lockhart, Robert Louis Stevenson, Pierre Loti, Southey, Bagehot, Defoe, Longfellow, Prior, Blackmore, Hood, Rossetti, Browning, Patmore, Max Müller, Drayton, and Russell Lowell. We have by no means exhausted the list, and there are thirty-five such pages in the index. Such a catalogue does more than columns of description to convey an adequate idea of the height and width and depth of "The Library of Famous Literature." What a galaxy it is. Poetry and prose, grave and gay, over three hundred complete poems, four hundred complete stories, history, travel, adventure, philosophy, science, art, letters, journals, criticism, from every nation possess-

DR. HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS.

MR. EDMUND GOSSE.

PROFESSOR MAHAFFY.

M. PAUL BOURGET.

M. MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

SOME OF THE AUTHORS WHO HAVE CONTRIBUTED INTRODUCTORY ESSAYS TO "THE LIBRARY OF FAMOUS LITERATURE."

ing a literature from the dawn of letters down to the noonday blaze of the nineteenth century, from the Assyrian legend of Istar to Kipling.

It will be seen from this list that living writers are included. Such inclusion must have been the most difficult and dangerous of the Herculean labours which the editors had to undertake, for here they lost the guiding hand of Time. Some will doubt the wisdom of attempting to make a selection from contemporary literature, but the work calls for no defence in the columns of such a journal as The Bookman. For our part we consider that the Library would have lost much in value and interest if the editors had been confined to the work of the dead. Especially would its authority as a guide to reading have been lessened. For it is in the maze of present-day publications that the reader is so often confounded. His interest is and must be in the present, for he is a child of the newspapers. The editors have throughout chosen wisely and widely, but nowhere is the excellence of their critical judgment and the breadth of their literary sympathy more clearly demonstrated than in the selections from living writers.

MR. HENRY JAMES.

Such a library makes indeed a wide appeal. It is an introduction to literature, a history of literature, and a mine of treasures for every student of literature. Of its value as a guide to reading we have written in some detail, for at the present juncture it is on this account that the Library has peculiar interest for many bookmen. It is, too, an excellent guide to writing, such a work as is always needed by the young author. There are, after all, no rules for writing. Little can be learnt from precept, but much from example. And here is a grand collection of the works of acknowledged masters—a gallery of the finest models. Its value as a history of literature, as a companion to the dry-as-dust handbook, and as a compendium for the study of comparative literature needs no demonstration. The volumes are arranged in chronological order, a carefully compiled biography and bibliography is given under each author's name, and a complete index renders the Library an excellent work of reference. And every lover of letters will delight in delving among such volumes, wherein he may renew acquaintance with many old favourites and discover many unimagined treasures which have long been buried in expensive and cumbrous tomes, dust covered on the farthermost shelves of even the greatest libraries. A book worth reading, says Ruskin, is worth buying. Even if such a dictum were true—and Ruskin writes, it must be remembered, as a champion of the conservative minority—there are many books which are neither worth buying nor reading, but which contain, hidden in a dreary waste of rubbish, some jewel of abiding value. From such books Dr. Garnett and his associates have excavated much that is rare and curious, and these alone would make "The Library of Famous Books" indispensable to bookmen.

SIG. A. P. VALDÈS.

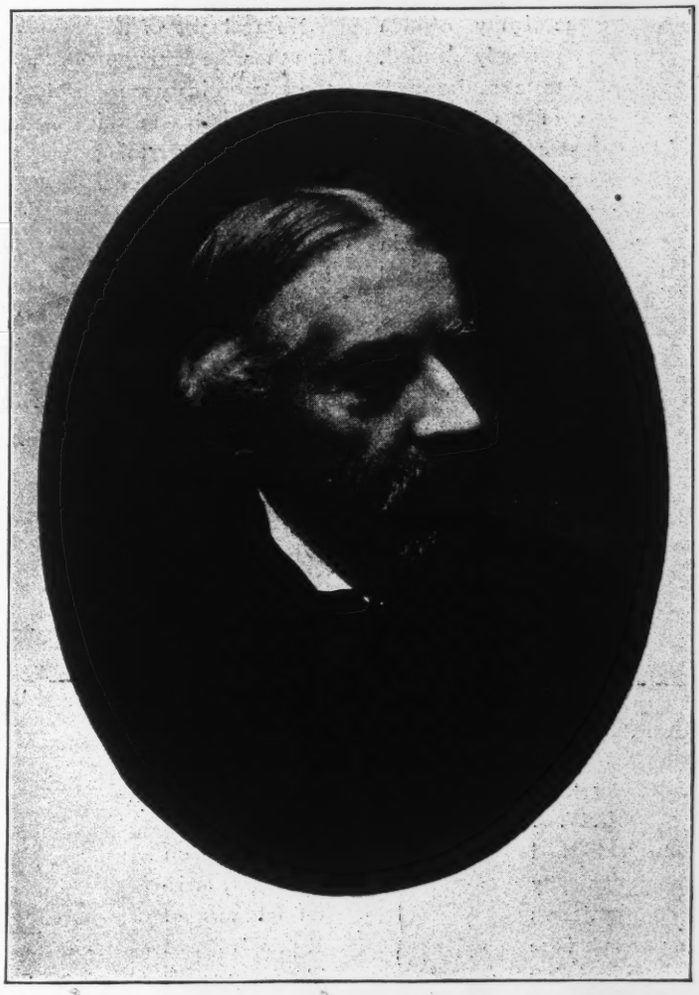
Sixty centuries and more have passed since man first attempted to give permanence to his thoughts on tablets and cylinders of clay. It has been the aim of the editors of The Library of Famous Literature to distil from these centuries the essence of their literature — to omit nothing that was vital, of enduring worth or historic value, and at the same time to produce a work of living, present interest, and to open up the infinite riches of reading for the busy public of to-day.

Such is the scheme of the Library of Famous Literature. We have endeavoured to show how the goal which the editors set before them has been reached. The publication of such a work is one of the great events in the literary history of the year.

Note.—*The portraits which illustrate this article are from photographs specially taken for "The Library of Famous Literature," and are reproduced by kind permission of the publishers.*

THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN INGLESANT."

FIFTEEN years ago—to speak roughly and from memory—one of the many photographs in circulation of Mr. Gladstone had a special run of popularity. He was depicted in this holding under his arm a book of which the title had been clearly caught by the camera—"John Inglesant." No book-taster had a finer palate, as the reading world well knew, and ere long the Premier's lead was being followed in every intellectual family. It was Mr. Gladstone who gave the final pull in the process of fairly tugging this book under the notice of the public. It was a most curious and remarkable story of a reputation being saved in the very teeth of the literary professionals. I was shown the other day a carefully preserved large octavo in parchment, on the fly-leaf of which the holder — an expert of the very nicest discernment in prices— had pencilled the figures "£5 5s." This was the volume in which "John Inglesant" was in 1880 offered at one guinea to such as might care to peruse it. Its *debut* was not only modest, but absolutely bashful. In shape and appearance it suggested anything but fiction, and the edition of exactly one hundred copies published by Messrs. Cornish, the Birmingham booksellers, was obviously not intended to cope with a popular run. As a matter of fact, fifty or sixty copies were given away by the author himself. But these fifty or sixty people spoke of the book to each other and to outsiders, and they browbeat the author into an unwilling assent that it should undergo the ordeal of being published in earnest. But a new obstacle arose. The publishers expressed a very decided opinion that the author had been right, and that his friends were wrong. To follow the clue of "John Inglesant's" history through all the episodes of this period would be to offer a morbid narrative of repentances. It is enough to have heard one publisher allude to "the mistake of my life." The fact that Mr. James Payn rejected it for the house to which he was reader seems to be common property and may be allowed to pass. And to advance to the conclusion, it was when the mind of Mrs. Humphry Ward had been arrested by the book in a manner that was not unnatural to a thinker in the same sphere, that Messrs. Macmillan were induced to give their *imprimatur* in 1881 to the first of its many thousands.



From Photo by] MR. J. A. SHORTHOUSE. *[Draycott, Birmingham.*

The faith that was in the friends of Mr. Shorthouse and possessors of the select first edition was of the kind which springs from revelation. So far as I have ever known, the appearance of "John Inglesant" was a complete and staggering surprise to all who were not of his own household. The careful privacy which has always sheltered the author's life made the disclosure the more dramatic. To Mr. Shorthouse belonged one of those delicate constitutions to which has often been attached the most untiring mental energy. His days were occupied with the binding and closely followed duties of a manufacturer. It was only in the hours which nature claims for relaxation that he chose to apply his intellectual force to those matters which touch mind and feeling to the highest issues. He was a man of forty-six when his name was placed on the great ledger of literature. Educated as a member of the Society of Friends, he had pursued knowledge by the unobtrusive paths congenial to that fellowship. Entering life from a private school, his mind was not conducted in the grooves of classical learning. His early practice in composition was found in a Quaker Essay Club. That it had continued to accompany his studies into middle life was altogether a secret. In the interval he had been baptised into the Church of England, but the fact of his being a capable and energetic churchwarden would make ordinary judges still more unprepared for an expert in the most abstract regions of the philosophy of religion.

It is not difficult to find excuses for the publishers who preferred to leave "John Inglesant" alone, for it is not a book which produces really intense enjoyment until one has passed the first hundred pages. The measure of the style is so unfamiliar; the minuteness of the method is far too severe to be instantaneously appreciated. Its triumph is raised upon the bodies of downtrodden preconceptions. It was well contrasted with "the careless English of the ready writer." "We build no such piles and weave no such bro-

cades in our day." If there is anywhere that the same effect of depression for a time goes along with good workmanship—where the strain of microscopic attention tells on the reader—it is in such a book as "Evelyn Innes." But where Mr. Moore may fairly be said to have broken down with all the energy of his virtuosity, Mr. Shorthouse in the creative vigour of his naked sincerity came triumphantly through. "John Inglesant" is a work which the slightest trace of self-consciousness would have hopelessly ruined. Its success is that we feel in all their loveliness, as the author felt them, the ecstasies of obedience, service, loyalty, idealism, other-worldliness—"the happiness of self-surrender, the blessedness of benefaction." The quality of style to which one becomes devoted in Mr. Shorthouse is the dignity in which emotional and intellectual effects are so perfectly blended, while oddities of manner and crudities of taste are drowned. There is a typical sentence in one of his magazine papers. "Looking into the future I sometimes think I see a glorious Church which, without faltering in the announcement of what she conceives to be truth, gives her blessing with a kingly munificence, asking for nothing in return, and, leaving the result to the decision of the final Assize, bestows her Sacraments and Benediction, like the divine gift of sunshine, upon all mankind alike." Is it exaggeration (for I hardly know) to say that in such a passage there is a not unpleasant and not unworthy echo of the "Areopagitica"? The student of "John Inglesant" becomes familiar with many diverse pieces of prettiness. "Those of the better sort, as you and I take ourselves to be, who follow Plato," is, in the mouth of Hobbes, a charming reminiscence of the Socratic manner. Once at least Mr. Shorthouse threw a suggestive flash of true dramatic light upon history—in the scene where Charles I. realises that Inglesant, like Strafford and Laud, is to be sacrificed, and the Jesuit comforts him with the remark that there is no fear that Inglesant will compromise him.

"No," said the King, rising and pacing the closet with unequal steps, "there is no fear of John Inglesant, I believe you. There is no fear that any man will betray his friends, and be false to his Order and his plighted word, except the King!—except the King!"

No apologist of the "Royal Martyr" ever did more for him than the writing of that passage. One might dwell on the extraordinary scene of Inglesant's visit to the mountain chapel in Italy—in which the absence of self-consciousness is absolutely everything—but the habit of studying "John Inglesant" with a microscope becomes absorbing.

The shorter tales of Mr. Shorthouse are interesting chiefly for their something like Disraelian atmosphere of exaltation and magnificence. The last pages which he wrote for the press are his spirited anti-Papal introduction to Mr. Arthur Galton's "Message and Position of the Church of England." Next to "John Inglesant" his friends value the placid and perfectly sympathetic introductory essay to "The Temple" of George Herbert.

SOME AUTUMN BOOK COVERS.

By the courtesy of several of the leading publishing houses, we have been accorded private views of some of the book covers for the autumn season, which we take the opportunity of reproducing.

The illustration that we show represents the back and side of the cover for Mr. W. B. Yeats's new edition of his poems published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. The design is by Miss Giles, and the book is bound by James Burn and Co., Ltd, in dark peacock blue smooth cloth, the whole of the design being in gold.

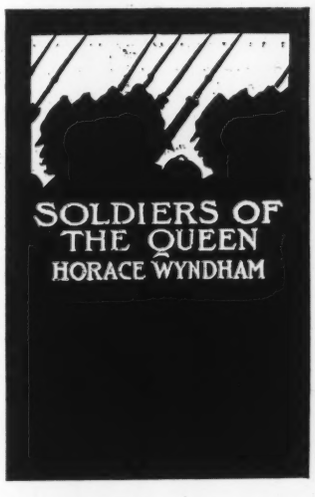
Lord Tennyson's poem, "A Dream of Fair Women," has been illustrated with fifty full-page drawings by Edmund J Sullivan. The book will be published by Mr. Grant Richards. The binding of the ordinary edition, of which we give an illustration, will be executed by James Burn and Co., Ltd., the design being in gold upon a creamy white linen ground.

Following on the highly artistic editions of Kipling's and Tennyson's works, Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd., are issuing a complete Edition de Luxe in twelve volumes of the works of Charles Lamb. Our illustration shows the back of one of the volumes. The book is bound in a peacock blue sateen, with a flat back, and deckle edges to the book. The design is by Mr. A. A. Turbayne.

A book which has been much looked for, and which will no doubt be cordially received by the artistic world, is Mr. Marillier's "Dante Gabriel Rossetti," shortly to be published by Messrs. George Bell and Sons. The size of the

volume will be foolscap folio. The design of the cloth binding, of which we show an illustration, has been made

by Mr. Laurence Housman. The binding of the cloth edition will be executed by James Burn and Co., Ltd., the design being in gold upon a dark slate blue cloth, the colour having originally been dyed from instructions given by the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

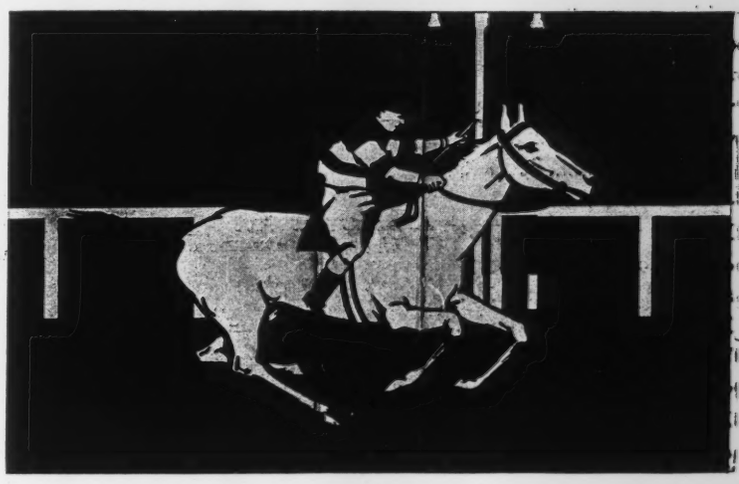


Another very effective design is that of Mr. Horace Wyndham's new book shortly to be published by Messrs. Sands and Co., under the title of "Soldiers of the Queen." This design was also carried out by Mr. J. A. Duncan, from a sketch by James Burn and Co., Ltd., who will bind the book in scarlet linen, the design being executed in black and white.

The "Chiswick Shakespeare" cover, of which we give an illustration, is one of a series now being published by Messrs. George Bell and Son. The volumes are illustrated by Mr. Byam Shaw, and each book contains an introduction and glossary. The illustration represents the design used on the cloth edition, which is bound in a grey-green linen by James Burn and Co., Ltd., the design being furnished by Mr. J. A. Duncan.

Mr. John Murray is about to issue a complete edition of the works of George Borrow. The books will be bound by James Burn and Co., Ltd., in a sage-green linen, the design being executed in a pale green ink on the side, with a gold lettering on the back.

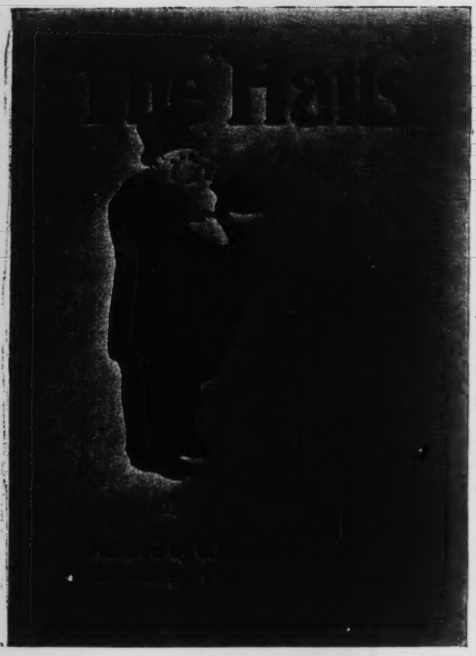
Among the important art books of the season is Emile



Michel's "Rubens," a two volume work to be published by Mr. Heinemann. The volumes will be bound by James Burn and Co., Ltd., in a scarlet linen, with the design in gold and blind. The design, we may mention, was adapted by the binder from a decorative ceiling executed by Rubens.

A very effective cover is that of "Winkles a Winner," a sporting novel about to be published by Messrs. Sands and Co. The design was drawn by J. A. Duncan from a sketch supplied by James Burn and Co., Ltd., who will bind the book.

Mr. M. P. Shiel's novel "Cold Steel" has already been published by Mr. Grant Richards. The book has a very effective cover designed by Mr. F. Kimborough. It is bound by Messrs. Straker in a light brown linen, and the design is printed in black, lavender, salmon, and dark-brown.



Mr. T. Fisher Unwin is publishing a collection of sketches, by C. F. Scotson-Clark, under the title of "The Halls." The cover of the book is designed by Mr. Scotson-Clark and is bound by Messrs. Straker in a buff-coloured linen with the design impressed in black.

The cover of "Vivaria's" (Mrs. Heinemann's) extremely successful novel "Via Lucis" belongs to what may be called the Impressionist School. The design is by William Nicholson, who has produced some very striking and effective covers for Mr. Heinemann. The book is bound by James Burn and Co., Ltd., in canary-coloured linen, the design being executed in black and green.

THE JOURNALIST.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

General regret will be felt at the illness of Mr. D. Baron Brightwell, who is one of the oldest members of the editorial staff of the *Birmingham Daily Post*. For many years Mr. Brightwell was the editor of the *Birmingham Weekly Post*, and had close personal relations with its readers as the writer of the genial "Roundabout Notes by Rufus." These notes he has continued in the form of interesting chat on natural history subjects, largely the result of his own observations. During his connection with the *Post*, extending over upwards of twenty years, Mr. Brightwell has never before had to give up work through illness. He has the hearty sympathy of all his professional colleagues.

The *South Essex Mail*, a new weekly paper, is to make its appearance on October 6th, and incorporate with it the *West Ham Herald*, which has been acquired by a local syndicate. The new paper will have twelve pages, be illustrated, and circulate in the parliamentary divisions of West Ham (North and South), Romford, and Walthamstow. Mr. F. M. Bates, lately of the *Star*, is the editor-manager.

Mr. A. E. Haynes has severed his connection with the *West Ham Guardian*, and has taken a post on the *Harringay Express*, a new weekly issuing from the office of the *Islington Press*.

Mr. A. H. Powell, who for six years has been on the staff of the *Birmingham Daily Post* as reporter, has resigned, and will join Mr. H. Smallwood (who left the *Post* a year or two ago), in his work as Birmingham representative of the *Times*, the Press Association, etc.

Still another change on the *Southport Visitor*. Mr. Gill, who joined the reporting staff about eight months ago, has just left.

Mr. W. Noble Platt, who recently left the reporting department of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, to become assistant editor of the *Yorkshire Herald*, York, has now accepted the important position of assistant editor of the *Birmingham Daily Post*.

The Sheffield and District Press Club entered into possession on the 11th September of handsome new premises in Church Street, which have been specially built for them, comprising large dining, reading, billiard, and other rooms, with all the modern conveniences of a first-class house in town.

Mr. Charles Macaskie, editor of the *Leeds Daily News*, has been accidentally drowned in Lake Windermere. Latterly he had been suffering from an incurable disease of the throat.

Mr. E. Chattaway, of the *Argus* reporting staff, is leaving Birmingham for London to take an appointment on the *Star*.

Scotland.

The sudden death of Mr. Harry Lewis, which occurred at Leith on the 12th ult., has removed from the Edinburgh district a journalist who was widely known and greatly respected. Mr. Lewis, who had been in indifferent health for a considerable time, was fulfilling his duties as Leith representative of the *Edinburgh Evening News* up till a week before his death. He had been in the employment of the *News* for a quarter of a century.

Motherwell is to have a monthly satirical journal shortly. It is to be called the *Tatler*, and will be edited by Mr. Cooper K. Cooper, whose contributions to periodical literature are pretty well known. The journal will make its appearance about the end of the year.

Ireland.

The members of the Ulster District of the Institute of Journalists were entertained on Saturday, 16th September, by Mr. H. H. Smiley, J.P., a prominent director of the *Northern Whig*, at his beautiful residence, Drumalis, Larne.

The press in the South of Ireland has sustained a serious loss in the departure of Mr. William Barrett. After a connection of more than ten years with the *Cork Examiner*, he has gone to Dublin to join the editorial staff of the *Evening Telegraph*. Mr. Barrett was one of the ablest as well as the most genial pressmen that Cork has known. At a meeting held by the staff on the occasion of making their departing colleague the recipient of a small mark of our esteem, Mr. James Crosbie, of the *Examiner*, said that he had seen many journalists depart, and he could say that none of them had brighter prospects for the future than Mr. Barrett. This sentiment was heartily endorsed by the meeting. There was a general disposition to regret that Mr. Barrett was not making London his new home, as his well-recognised literary ability would obtain an opening which it is scarcely likely to find in Dublin.

NEW BOOKS.

A NEW MEMOIR OF THACKERAY.*

Mr. Melville's *apologia* for putting this book forth at all will appear plausible to the few and convincing to the many. Premising that Thackeray's objection to the publication of an official memoir was based upon his well-known contempt for the fulsome biographies of which so many worthies have been the victims, he quotes the novelist's words—uttered in a Roundabout Paper in respect of Thomas Hood and General Wolfe—and from Thackeray's own lips draws his justification: "We all want to know details regarding the men who have achieved famous feats, whether of war, or wit, or eloquence, or endurance, or knowledge. . . . We want to see this man who has amused and charmed us; who has been our friend, and given us hours of pleasant companionship and kindly thought." So Mr. Melville, impatient as the rest of us at the absence of any full-dress history of the great writer, determined to fill the gap himself. What is the result?

"No, no. This will never do," said Mrs. Jameson of "Pendennis" and "Mrs. Perkins's Ball." With more justice, but with not less emphasis, may the same be said of Mr. Melville's "Life." Revised, it will serve its purpose with the general public until someone still more competent and better equipped—I mean no offence—assumes the task, when, provided with documents, letters, and the like, he executes for us not so much a truer as a completer picture of the man than has been possible to Mr. Melville. Purged of its numerous errors, to which I return later on, this book will stand well enough for those who want a sketch of Thackeray's life and work and character; but men within the literary circle must wait for the official chronicler whose advent Mr. Melville has anticipated. The author is quite within his rights; and his readers will only regret that the work does not rise to the height of its subject.

Yet the plan is a good one. The family history of the novelist, his birth and education, his early efforts and literary adventures, his journalism, marriage, club life, authorship, his principal works, his travels, election contest, editorship, and death; his friends, his character, his dealings with the play, his public speaking, his art-work and art-criticism, his philosophy, and literary value—these are all discussed with enthusiasm, and not without discretion. Failing the "papers" without which no great biography can properly be produced, Mr. Melville has devoted himself with extraordinary diligence to analysing and classifying all the facts and opinions in essay and memoir that have been written about Thackeray, and not only has every recent biography and book of gossip (of which a long list is appended), offering the slightest help, been ransacked and laid under contribution, but Poole's Index, it seems, has been impressed into the service of the compiler. Mr. Melville has been a zealous explorer in this field, which, rich to overflowing, has surrendered the harvest of facts here woven into a story. Mr. Melville has done the best he could, but—perhaps through no fault of his own—the biography lacks soul, and is even wanting in body.

Yet he does not confine himself to dry bones. He gives us his own impressions, with which, however, it is impossible always to agree. Was it necessary, in order to insist on Thackeray's delicacy of feeling, to attack Dickens? Boz, we are told, "for all his pathos and sentimentality in print, was an infinitely harder, more commercially minded, and selfish character." Thackeray would not have said that. The worst he did say—for the resurrection of which, Mr. Melville (who does not seem to appreciate its fine acid flavour) may well be thanked—was a simple exclamation of extraordinary significance—"'Appy Dickens!" Does he really think that people "take a mean view of Thackeray because he could so thoroughly understand and depict a Becky Sharp"?—which, he sagely adds, "is as though we were to denounce Shakespeare as a treacherous dissimulator because in Iago he has portrayed that type of character with marvellous fidelity." What would Thackeray have thought of such an utterance? Yet Mr. Melville does not hesitate to hold the scales between Thackeray and Carlyle, and impart to us a truth about their relative philosophies of which, he ventures to think, neither dreamt! Mr. Melville appreciates Thackeray's tenderness, charity, and true religion; but he writes of them somewhat strangely. "Had I discovered," he says very truly, "that he was a regular churchgoer, and a large subscriber to the 'Missions to the Jews,' or to the 'Society for instructing the Tierra del Fuegians in the use of the knife, spoon, and fork,' I should have remained perfectly untouched." Surely the expression of this sentiment, admirable in itself, is a little unexpected and unnecessary.

It is inevitable that in such a book there should be opinions to controvert and minor "facts" to contest. Of such, there are here not a few. For example, Mr. Melville tells us that Thackeray could never bring himself wholly to admire the art of Etty. This statement, I submit, is utterly mistaken, and I would recommend the author to read "A Painter's Wish," for example, if he would satisfy himself as to the grounds of my contradiction. Elsewhere we are told—"he objected strongly to the so-called 'Classical school'—the slavish imitation of the old Masters," which is perhaps the queerest definition of "classical school" that was ever penned. Again, when Mr. Melville places Thackeray "in the ranks of the caricaturists above Doyle, and not far below Leech and Cruikshank himself," and declares that "Doyle did not draw much better than Thackeray," he will not, I think, carry many with him: it is to be imagined that the critic is not familiar with Doyle's best work. The occasional inelegance of Mr. Melville's style, too, sometimes mars the flow of his clear recital. Such a paragraph as this is hardly pleasing: "To prophesy *after* the event is always an absurdity, but there is no doubt that *Cabbages* might easily have been worse. At least, Cabbages is a better parody than *Violets* is a poem—but it can, of course, be retorted that this is not necessarily imputing any great merit to the schoolboy parody." Nor this, in reference to Thackeray's life at Cambridge: "He was fortunately not too much occupied to go to supper-parties, where, 'though not talkative—rather observant'—he enjoyed the humour of the hours, and sang one or two old songs ['Old King Cole' was a favourite with him] with great applause, nor to practise fencing, nor to play chess, nor (as he took care to record) to fall asleep over a *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*." Nor, again: "In addition to these, late hours and lack of necessary exercise, coupled with tremendous continuous brain work, had now made it absolutely imperative that he took care of himself."

On the other hand, Mr. Melville makes some comments of interest and value. The theory that success came to Thackeray so late in his life because he "*had not given the public a fair chance to discover him*" is alike true and ingenious, for Thackeray was for years writing in a dozen different publications over a dozen different pseudonyms. Many, too, will be found to agree with Mr. Melville that Thackeray's "name will stand to future ages as that of the most representative Englishman of Letters of our age, and as that of the greatest master of fiction since Fielding," but he will hardly be bracketed with Montaigne, as his biographer contends.

Just as Mr. Melville has dived into many sources to build up his story of Thackeray's life, so has he made diligent search among the less known writings and letters of the novelist, in order to bring the man face to face with the reader; and he seeks to increase the vitality of his memoir by making his subject a frequent contributor to his pages. It is by no means certain that so many autobiographical details are to be found in Thackeray's various writings as Mr. Melville claims, and it may further be doubted whether our biographer has carried out the promise of his chapter-headings in his brief estimates of Thackeray's worth as a man, a critic, an artist, a writer, and a philosopher. The consideration of these things requires intellect, literary force, and—space. But it may be claimed for them that if they are not adequate they are at least suggestive.

If there is one thing more than another that mars the pleasure of reading a book of even the highest merit, it is the presence of mistakes and misprints so frequent as to demonstrate carelessness of a gross kind. A few such errors I should have passed over in silence, but Mr. Melville has tripped so often, and has, moreover, been so unfortunate in his printers' readers, that the blunders are to be counted by the score. Duty to the public for whom I write does not permit me to suppress reference to the slipshod character of the work, and the author may find comfort in the reflection that my remarks will enable him to purge his pages of some of the blemishes when a second edition is called for.

I note the chief errors and misconceptions as I read. Mr. Melville habitually refers to the Charterhouse periodical as "The Greyfriars"—a mistake which will be removed if he carefully peruses its title-page. He frequently speaks of, and quotes from, the author of "Thackeray, the Humourist and Man

*"The Life of William Makepeace Thackeray." By Lewis Melville. With twenty-four Portraits and Illustrations. In two volumes. (London: Hutchinson and Co. 1899.)

of Letters," as "Mr. Theodore Taylor," evidently unaware that this name was merely the pseudonym of John Camden Hotten. He writes of "Lucas von Leyden" (p. 79), of "Jordan," editor of the *Literary Gazette* (p. 91), of "Jack Shepherd" (pp. 97, 99, etc.), of "Curvoisier" (p. 125), of "Little Billie" (pp. 144, ii. 108, etc.), of "The Chronicle of a Drum" (p. 157), of "Memorials of Gourmandizing" (p. 60), of "Paul de Koch" (p. 111), of "The Life of Talleyrande" (pp. 178 and 181), of "Denis Haggarty" (p. 176), of "Gilray" (p. 237), of "Bashi-Bazouk" (p. 268, etc., although Thackeray was most particular always to write "Bashi-Bozouk"), of "Diedrich Knickbocker" (p. 302), and of "*Vilette*." He gives us three different readings of one character—"Adolphus Simcox" (vol. 2, viii.), "Adolphus Simcoe" (p. 173), and "Adolphis Simcoe" (p. 188); he talks of "Millikin" (p. 140); he confuses Henry and Horace Mayhew (p. 101, vol. 2); he makes two mistakes in Jacob Omnium's real name, which he calls "W. H. Higgins" (p. 280); and indexes the well-known bibliographer as "Richard Hearn Shepherd." In quoting Thackeray he drops out, curiously enough, certain essential words: "Somehow I prefer my own Nuremberg dolls to Mr. Thwaites's," Thackeray is made to say, when discussing the artistic merit of his own drawings; but the end of the sentence is omitted—"superfine wax models." Mr. Melville, moreover, is not felicitous with his French, quite apart from the general slaughter of the accents. "*Ambigu-Comique Théâtre*" is neither Frenchnor English; but "*le cul à terres*," "*à l'outrance*," and "*blasé*" and "*désillusionné*," when followed by "we," may be accepted as pure Anglo-French. Elsewhere we come across "Merchant Tailors' School," "Redman" (the publisher), and in a single note on p. 120, vol. 1, we find not fewer than six misprints and inaccuracies, not one of which ought to have occurred. And when I have mentioned these, I have said nothing of a number of obvious misprints that will immediately strike the author, as he reads, with that chill touch of vexation which all writers have felt, and with which many will sympathise. I may here add that the letter printed on p. 51, vol. 2, purporting to be addressed by Thackeray to a literary aspirant, although not misrepresenting the views expressed by the novelist more than once, is almost assuredly a forgery. I know the original of the letter well, and am equally familiar with its tainted source; some years ago it was in a collection, one of several, that had come from a certain factory of "distressingly clever" Thackeray forgeries, as Mrs. Richmond Ritchie designated them; one or two of which that lady obtained possession of and forthwith destroyed.

As to the bibliography appended to the volumes, Mr. Melville has manifestly endeavoured, as he tells us, to compile a list of Thackeray's writings and drawings "which shall be as complete as possible." He has availed himself of the labours of R. H. Shepherd, Mr. C. P. Johnson, and Mr. J. P. Anderson. Had he studied Mr. W. J. Williams' Bibliography as well, he would have attained a greater degree of accuracy than he can at present boast of. But the best course of all would have been to place little trust in what had gone before, and to compile his lists entirely from personal research. This he has not done, and he has consequently blundered where others have blundered before, and has added little if anything new of his own. Here, again, his careless proof-reading disfigures entries which are otherwise correct. Thus, he speaks of the novelist's portrait by "Samuel Lawrence" (vol. 2, p. 303); he enters "Mr. Yellowplush's Ajeu" (p. 310); "The French Jack Shepherd" (p. 309); "Jawbrahim-Heraudu" (p. 318); and "The Water-Colours Exhibition" in the *Pictorial Times* (p. 318). All these lack accuracy. He is not aware that there were *two* illustrations to "Daddy, I'm Hungry" (p. 316); he includes "The Flying Duke" and "A Plea for Plush," neither of which was written by Thackeray; he ignores the first two papers of "Hobson's Choice" (p. 330); he entirely omits the well-known "Railroad Speculators"; and the second "Excitement in Belgravia." He hesitates about Mr. Grego's admitted authorship of "Thackerayana" (p. 298), and generally proves that he has not been to all the works themselves as every zealous and scientific bibliographer should do. If he had, he would have discovered at least a score of Thackeray's independent *Punch* drawings for every one that he has here indexed. Mr. Melville must not, of course, be blamed for missing the many excellent and important contributions of Thackeray to *Punch*, not hitherto reprinted, as his predecessors have, one and all, missed them equally. But had he carefully scanned the volumes concerning which Mr. Melville quaintly observes—"For ten years he poured all his best work into it" [*Punch*]—thus setting "Vanity Fair" and the other novels on a lower rank—he would, with his intelligence, have discovered many contributions, with the pencil if not with the pen, which he has now passed over.

If, therefore, this book is worthy to occupy the position it is obviously intended to take—that of Biography *Pro Tem.* of Thackeray, so to say—it must be subjected to searching revision based upon original research. Such a revision should have no terrors for a worker of Mr. Melville's diligence; and if he would reconsider the critical chapters with a view to strengthening them, he would raise his memoir to a somewhat higher plane.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

MR. TERRY'S LIFE AND CAMPAIGNS OF ALEXANDER LESLIE.*

The first Earl of Leven, "that old little crooked souldier," has at last received his due, at the hands of a careful and competent biographer, familiar with the most recent results of historical research. Mr. Terry owns, no doubt, that his aim has been "less to offer a study of individual character than to illustrate that phase in the relations between England and Scotland which his career represents"; and that accordingly the bulk of his book is devoted to nine years (1638-1647) of a long life. These, however, are the years which are of most interest and importance to Leslie's fellow-countrymen, and are probably also those which he would have wished them to remember him by. It is significant that concerning his parentage there should still be some uncertainty, and that Mr. Terry has to fix the year of his birth by the date on his portrait. Of his boyhood and youth nothing is known; but of his share in the Thirty Years' War Mr. Terry has been able to give an interesting account. Yet even through the later period, which he has so conscientiously worked, Leslie remains to him "an almost impersonal character." To Mr. Terry, however, this very impersonality offers the soundest estimate of his achievement, and that achievement he estimates highly: "He was the Washington of a great cause. He gave credit and consideration to a war of defence which, but for him, had at the outset been contemned as too little serious to be dangerously menacing. . . . When he took the field as England's ally, walled towns fell to him, and he shared the glories of Marston. . . . He kept his army together; made it no undue burden upon Scotland; fed it upon England's stores without irrevocably estranging his ally."

Leslie left little save deeds wherewith to unlock the recesses of his character, for his despatches are precise, curt, prosaic. In contrasting him with Cromwell, Mr. Terry points out that one looks vainly in him for that religious idealism which was the inspiration of his time and period. Yet his piety, and the stern cast of it, comes out in the letter in which he relates the death of his great master, Gustavus Adolphus:—"I am perswaded that God wil not desert his owne cause, bot will yit stirre up the heartis of some of his anoynted ones to prosecute the defence of his cause, and to be emolouse of such renowne as his Majestie hes left behind him for evir. . . . Now it remaines that we turne our sorrow to revenge, and our hearts to God by earnest prayer that he would stirre up the heartis of such men as may doe good to his cause, and now tak it in hand when it is in such a case."

Students, with well-stocked private libraries, may perhaps object to the number of letters which Mr. Terry has re-printed *in extenso* from such well-known works as Rushworth's *Collections*, Thurloe's *State Papers*, Baillie's *Letters and Journals*, the *Ancram and Lothian Correspondence*, and the *Journals of the House of Lords*; but others will rather feel grateful that so much of the original material has been brought together in a single volume. Mr. Terry has also re-printed a great deal of other contemporary matter in his pages, and this matter, as well as the letters, so far as I have had time to test it and them, he has reproduced with scrupulous accuracy.

Mr. Terry does not appear to have seen the unpublished MS. accounts of the Scots army in England. In the volume of these accounts, which extends from the 23rd of November, 1644, to the 24th of December, 1645, he would have found many entries throwing curious sidelights on his subject. The charge shows how and whence the sinews of war were obtained. James Sword, a St. Andrews man, had been appointed collector of the various customs and dues to be up-

* "The Life and Campaigns of Alexander Leslie, First Earl of Leven." By Charles Sanford Terry, M.A. 16s. (London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1899.)

lifted from the custom-house, excise-office, and town-house of Newcastle, the custom-house of Sunderland, and the excise-office of the Bishopric of Durham. From these he was able to realise £46,538 15s. 6d. sterling, between the 23rd of November, 1644, and the 1st of October, 1645. Assessments were also levied on Westmorland and Cumberland. Great sums were sent down by the treasurers of Goldsmiths' Hall—usually £1 000 in each chest. The charge is not always made up of cash receipts, for there are several entries of value received, and some are simply cross-entries. One suggestive item runs thus: "The compter chargeth himself with the soume of" £316 4s. 1d. sterling, "receaved be Mr. John Drummond for certaine herring and other proviant, which become unsufficient and unusefull for the army, and therfor sold to the best availl." Evidently these herrings and other provisions had become so unwholesome that they were deemed unfit for the Scotch army, and were therefore sold—no doubt, to the English, who might thereby receive a practical lesson in Scotch thrift and patriotism. The total charge for the thirteen months, including a balance of £3,614 5s. 5d. from the previous account, amounts to £170,802 11s. 6½d. sterling, and the discharge to £169,304 12s. 7d., leaving a balance in the hands of the treasurer, or as the accounts themselves put it—"there rests be the compter to the publict," £1,497 18s. 11½d. Sir Adam Hepburn of Humbie was the treasurer. His accounts of the army in England were kept in money sterling; the accounts of the army in Scotland in money Scots. From the accounts of the army in England might be drawn up lists of the regiments, the wages they received, many of their movements, the prices paid for their provisions, arms, and clothing, the allowances paid to sick soldiers, the number of men in the various garrisons, the expense of "tramping" meal, the salaries of the ministers—each regiment seems to have had one of its own—and the cost of dispensing the Lord's Supper at Newcastle when forty eight gallons of claret were required. Like his own letters, these accounts shed little light on the General. From the 5th of February to the 25th of September, 1645, he received £1,500. Three small items are also placed against him—a boll of salt, 3s.; a payment of 50s. to "Matheas Pias his servant"; and 28s. "for a barrill of Lin beir to his Excellence." From the 23rd of April to the 23rd of July, 1645, the Earl of Callendar received £505 18s. From the 10th of June to the 11th of August David Leslie received £416. A major received £30 per month; a rou tmaster, £27; a captain, £18; a lieutenant, £6; an ensign, £4 10s.; a captain of horse, £27; a lieutenant of horse, £18.

In discussing the friction and dissension which arose between the English Sectaries and the Scots Presbyterians, Mr. Terry says: "The Solemn League and Covenant had bound Scotland to fight Charles." So far from that, it bound those who swore it to endeavour to the utmost "to preserve and defend the Kings Majesties person and authority, in the preservation and defence of the true religion and liberties of the kingdomes," that the world might bear witness with their consciences to their loyalty, and that they had "no thoughts or intentions to diminish his Majesties just power and greatnesse." Had it not been for this clause many who took the Covenant would have refused it. As Baillie has related, and as Mr. Terry has himself pointed out, in connection with the First Bishops' War, the Scotch Covenanters were very unwilling that the King should incur "any skaith" or be "disgraced with a shamefull flight." For the defence of their religion and liberties they were constrained to oppose him, but not otherwise; and this was still as much the case after the Solemn League was entered into, as it had been at the crisis of the First Bishops' War.

Mr. Terry's book is the result of much patient work and wide reading. His style, moreover, is always clear, and his narrative always unbiassed. His index, too, is full and serviceable.

D. Hay Fleming.

THE MODERN JEW.*

It is somewhat difficult for a Jew to criticise Mr. Arnold White's book. He has obviously done his best to be impartial, yet on the whole his book leaves an unpleasant impression about his subject, so that anything said disparagingly of the book by a Jew would seem to be an *apologia pro domo sua*. The natural tendency of any Jewish critic, especially if writing anonymously, would therefore be to do even more than justice to the book in saying the best that one could find to say for it. Perhaps in view of recent discussions about multiplex reviewing, I may own at once that I have adopted this policy elsewhere; and if Mr. Arnold White would like to identify the most favourable—or perhaps I should say, the least unfavourable—of his anonymous reviews, I think I might put in a fair claim for identification. But having done perhaps a little more than justice to him elsewhere, I feel the more free in saying what ought to be said against the book frankly and above my own name.

Neither in form, tone, or matter does it seem to me worthy of its subject. In form it appears to be a number of miscellanies, mainly controversial articles thrown together without any attempt at revision, even in the proof sheets. Several of these can be of but little interest to anybody but Mr. White himself—reprints of reports of his to the late Baron de Hirsch, a long discussion about statements in "Darkest Russia," a paper which ceased to exist six years ago, a curious collection of texts made by Mr. White's father, and striking an incongruous note in a work professing to deal with the subject entirely from a racial, not a religious, point of view. The book bears everywhere signs of hasty compilation, and some of its chapters, *e.g.*, that on Jewish Humour, are almost ludicrously inadequate. In the chapter to which I have referred almost the only touch of humour is the fact that Mr. White has expended £30 in failing to obtain specimens of Jewish humour.

Nor is the tone in which Mr. White speaks superior. The terms in which he refers to the Hebrew aristocracy of this country are, to my mind, little less than snobbish:

"Invitations to the great Jewish houses are openly sought; to be included in their circle of friends is in itself a *cachet*; exclusion or expulsion is a social calamity"!

Nor would a "good Anglicised Jew" claim that his class are "notoriously better citizens than the average Englishman;" that is as much an exaggeration on the one side as other assertions are on the opposite side; as, for example, that "the spiritual despotism of Rome herself is not more absolute than the iron intolerance of the prosperous but non-spiritual Jew," or that "public opinion is medicated by Jewish influence over the European press." It is not in a spirit of this kind that a world-problem like that of the position of the modern Jew can be approached in any hope of understanding or ameliorating it.

Nor is the material collected by Mr. White more satisfactory. The few statistics and personal experiences in regard to the Russian Jews collected on behalf of the late Baron de Hirsch form almost the sole exception to this judgment, and it is, to say the least, curious that they are almost the only statements in the book at all favourable to the Jews in any part of the world. Statements abound, especially as regards the position of foreign countries, about which Mr. White has only sought for information from Anti-Semitic sources. Thus (p. 87) he quotes an alleged statement of "the Jew Crémieux" (to whom, by the way, the French nation voted a public funeral), which has been shown, over and over again, to be an Anti-Semitic forgery. In his very inadequate account of the position of the Jews in France, to which one would naturally turn under the present circumstances, he quotes, as causes of their unpopularity (p. 110)—

"The Reinach scandals, the disasters of Panama, bribed deputies, general aloofness, and inveterate money-lending"—

seemingly in ignorance that the first three and only definite charges against the French Jews are one and the same. All Mr. White has to say about the Jew in America is that Columbus was financed by Spanish Jews, and he claims that this point has never yet been mentioned by anyone. A whole book on the subject by Dr. M. Kayserling was published in 1896 by Messrs. Longmans. Mr. White's knowledge of the history of the subject is indeed sadly to seek. He is, perhaps, to be forgiven, since the materials are enormous and scattered, and involve a tolerably full knowledge of the whole history of civilisation, but why waste space on matters about which Mr. White obviously knows so little? However, I will not press this question, which might, indeed, be asked about the whole book. Outside the Russian Jews, Mr. Arnold White does not show any real knowledge either of the past history or the present condition of the Continental Israelites. Thus he quotes, with evident approval, the statement that in Austria there are no poverty-stricken Jews; as a matter of fact, the Jews of

* "The Modern Jew." By Arnold White. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Galicia are in a worse material condition than those of Russia, and the *Judenelend* of that district has become a by-word.

One would have to protest just as much if Mr. White had been equally extravagant in exaggerating the good qualities of Jews, as is a more usual, and perhaps a more pardonable, form of ignorance about them shown in this country. They are said to be the cleverest, the richest, and most powerful of peoples, whereas—taken as a whole—there is more grinding poverty among the Jews than among any set of people on earth, and the amount of their power is shown by the way they have failed to repress Anti-Semitism in Russia, Austria, and France. The fact is, the Anti-Semitic movement is largely a Press-made movement, and to some extent is simply due to trade jealousy among Continental newspapers. This, however, is by no means a full analysis of the curious movement, which rests upon the susceptibility of crowds to what may be called collective scandal. It is easy enough to point to bad Jews or even to bad qualities of all Jews—it would indeed be strange if a thousand years of persecution had made us all saints—but Anti-Semitism credits all Jews with the qualities of the bad ones. That would not be quite so unfair if similar credit was paid the race for the good Jews. Thus, for one Reinach who was a corrupter (on behalf of another), there are other Reinachs who lead France in archæology and other triumphs of the spirit; yet only Baron Reinach is remembered, and Captain Dreyfus in a large measure is paying the penalty for his crimes. This is the one-sided injustice of which the Jews have mostly to complain, and recent events have shown that injustice of this kind, if encouraged or abetted by governments or peoples, tends to bring about national disaster. It is because Mr. Arnold White's book (however well meant) shares in this dangerous quality—one-sided injustice—that I venture to speak quite frankly against it. I do not think anybody in this country—even Mr. Arnold White—wants a "Jewish Question," but books such as his, one has found by experience, are of the kind to raise it. It takes little to rouse the spirit of envy, hatred, and ill-will.

JOSEPH JACOBS.

KING ROBERT THE BRUCE.*

In one sense this volume is the complement to its author's "Sir William Wallace"; in another it is the antidote to his bane. If Professor Murison was too Blindly Harryish in his appreciation of the earlier of the two Scottish heroes, he is not sufficiently Barbourous in his appreciation of the later. Shakespeare, we know, "grew immortal in his own despite," and Bruce, admits Mr. Murison almost with reluctance, became a national hero in spite of his own instincts. We are perpetually told such things as these: "His action during this period—the period of vigorous manhood, of generous impulses and unselfish enthusiasms—contrasts lamentably with the splendour of Wallace's achievement and endeavour, and gravely with the bearing of Comyn. One looks for patriotism and heroism; one finds not a spark of either, but only opportunism, deliberate and ignoble, not to say timid—the conduct of a 'spotted and inconstant man.' . . . He was simply a great Anglo-Norman baron in quest of aggrandisement; and it took many years to satisfy the people generally that their interests were safe in his keeping." Even in summing up Bruce's character at the close of his book Mr. Murison asks, "Can it be supposed that a man may become patriotic after his thirty-first year? With his assumption of the kingly office, Bruce's baronial and royal interests coincided with the interests of Scotland, and it may be that some feeling of the nature of patriotism may thus have developed in his breast." No doubt Professor Murison may be quite right in his analysis of Bruce's motives; certainly we have no facts of a genuinely historical character to enable us to dispute his conclusions. But is his scepticism altogether rational? Is it quite incredible that "a man may become patriotic after his thirty-first year"—at all events, a man who suffered such privations and sustained such domestic losses as Bruce? Professor Murison allows that he was "a man with deep reserves of strength, freed at last from the paralysis of worldly prudence by a sudden shock." But what if among these "deep reserves" was that "moral strength" which enables many a man who is ambitious and egotistic at and even beyond thirty-one—most strong men are—to make a stepping-stone of his dead selfishness to the living things of altruism? This is at least possible. Even Mr. Murison allows not only that Bruce was one of the greatest statesmen and military tacticians of his time, but that "it is impossible to charge on his memory any reckless or wanton cruelty," and that "his mind, with all its sternness, ever tended to clemency." Would it be so very surprising, after all, if a man of admittedly generous instincts were disciplined or disciplined himself into the variety of unselfishness which means patriotism, at least in that order to which Bruce belonged? No doubt Wallace will always be emphatically *the* hero of the War of Independence, and largely because of that "intimate association and sympathy with the common folk," in which, according to Mr. Murison, Bruce was deficient, although it may be well to remember that, if Burton be correct, this "common folk" was not what we now term the democracy, but the Saxon middle class to which Wallace himself belonged. But that Bruce was an admirable second to Wallace is beyond doubt; and it may further be questioned if he would have attained such a position in the favour of Scotland unless his nature had in every way expanded after he reached the throne.

From Photo by] PROFESSOR A. F. MURISON. *[Dunn & Co., Aberdeen.*

Apart from this somewhat chilling scepticism, Professor Murison's monograph on Bruce is superior to its predecessor. He has got up his authorities better, and he shows much judgment in measuring the comparative importance of the statements they make and the so-called "facts" they adduce. While not so harsh—so unnecessarily harsh—to Bruce legends as Sir Herbert Maxwell, he eliminates the miraculous from the popular accounts of the hero's achievements, especially before Bannockburn, with considerable success. His account of the great battle is clear, concise, and fair, if not "thrilling" from the ultra-patriotic point of view. One is glad to see, too, that Mr. Murison does ample justice to the triumphs, both diplomatic and military, which followed in the wake of Bannockburn, and contributed even as much as that victory did to the attainment of Scotland's independence, and that he inclines at least to the broad view of Edward Bruce's invasion of Ireland as part of an organised effort to ally Ireland with Scotland, and perhaps Wales as well, against England. It is possible that had not disease paralysed the activities of Bruce, as it paralysed those of the first Napoleon, at a critical moment of his life, he might have been successful. If he had been able to take the place of his chivalrous but too recklessly daring brother, it is probable that Ulster at least would have become

* "King Robert the Bruce." By A. F. Murison. Famous Scots Series. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier, 1899.)

Scotch to an extent that it is not even to-day. Mr. Murison's two monographs constitute between them the best and most succinct popular account of the Scottish War of Independence that has yet been published. WILLIAM WALLACE.

EUROPEAN FAUNA.*

Since science has taught us that all terrestrial animals had not originally dispersed from the single centre of Noah's Ark, the problems of the birthplaces and areas of distribution of the various species have been the subjects of much research and speculation. In Wallace's work all that was known in 1876 was well summarised, but since that time much has been added to our knowledge, especially by German observers; and geologists have taught us many additional facts regarding the geographical features of large tracts of the earth's surface as they existed in tertiary times, a very important adjunct to the study of distribution.

Works on this subject are of two sorts. Some are arranged zoologically and give the distribution of each group of animals taken in order, others are geographical and deal with the faunæ of separate areas of the earth's surface. Dr. Scharff's book is of the latter class, and he has set forth in it, in a convenient form, a great mass of information regarding the history of the fauna of Europe.

In studying the animals of any province, when the task of cataloguing the species found in it is complete, the problem of their source remains to be determined. Have they originated within the province, or are they immigrants, and if so, whence come they? It is to the solution of these questions that the learned curator of the Dublin Zoological Museum applies himself. In the first place he believes that comparatively few generic types have originated in Europe. There are certainly a considerable number of species found only in Europe, but he regards these for the most part as local variations of immigrants. We have in Great Britain 3 species of birds and about 120 of insects which are not known elsewhere, but the most that can be said concerning them is that they are modifications of forms found in other countries.

The fauna of Europe is considered by most geologists to be of comparatively late arrival. It is currently believed that in Pleistocene times most of Europe was covered with a mantle of ice, which killed off or drove to more hospitable shores the animals which existed before the advent of the glacial period. But there are some geologists who recognise that at the present day there are large tracts of land, such as portions of Siberia and of the N.W. Territories of Canada, in which a rigorous arctic winter coexists with a short, though hot, summer, and where many living beings are capable of surviving with but little disturbance. In such conditions the phenomena of glaciation might well coexist with the persistence of life. This aspect of the subject of Pleistocene climate has been carefully considered by several recent writers, notably by Penck, and their view that the glacial ice-cap did not extinguish the life of the province is adopted by Dr. Scharff. He adduces reasons to support the opinion that of the present flora and fauna of Western Europe a considerable portion is descended from animals and plants which were there in pre-glacial times, and which have survived through the "great ice age."

Dr. Scharff revives Mallet's theory of mud-glaciers, which, largely owing to the influence of Haughton, has always had some acceptance in Dublin, but whose value, despite Dr. Scharff's sarcasm, is sufficiently well appreciated by most geologists.

Most immigrant animals have reached Europe by a land route, and the directions in which they have come have been determined by geographical considerations. It is probable that a very small percentage has been transported by what may be called accidental means of sea-transport; therefore the presence of congeneric forms on lands now separated, is taken to be presumptive evidence of former land connection. These streams of migration have arrived at different dates. The oldest probably reached our continent in early tertiary (probably Miocene) times, when the configuration of the land differed widely from its present form.

This oldest immigration most probably came by way of the south-west, and (following Forbes's nomenclature) is called the Lusitanian element of the fauna. Its original source may have been an Atlantis, Dr. Scharff at any rate discredits its African origin (p. 43). This was followed at various periods by an Oriental migration from Central Asia *via* Asia Minor and the Mediterranean lands; an Arctic through Scandinavia from the north where there was a land connection with America; and a Siberian from Northern Asia across the great plain of Europe. Each of these waves of migration is in turn discussed, and the most characteristic species which survive are tabulated. It is worthy of note in passing that a somewhat similar fourfold scheme has been set forth by some anthropologists as that whereby the human population of Europe entered the continent.

The European forms, which are usually grouped under the name Alpine Fauna, have been differently traced by those who have studied them. Dr. Scharff regards them as forming a composite series, but believes that most of them are derived from successive Oriental migrations ancient and modern. The last word has not, however, been said upon this group.

In his classical memoir (ii. 529) Wallace has suggested that much information on the history of distribution might be got by the study of Molluscs, especially the land shells and their allies. This department has been excellently worked up by Kobelt; and Dr. Scharff, who has also done excellent original research in this subject, has used the material collected by him with very great advantage.

Here and there one meets with points of interest where distribution and ancient geography are mutually elucidative. Thus there is geological evidence that in Pleistocene times, before the land union between Ireland and England was "repealed," a great freshwater lake existed in what is now the basin of the Irish Sea. When by land depression the waters of the sea invaded this lake the freshwater inhabitants were driven into the tributary rivers, and in this manner there has originated the peculiar distribution of some genera of fish such as Coregonus, closely allied species of which are found in Loch Lomond, Lochmaben, Ullswater, Bala, and Lough Neagh (whose outlet was originally easterly).

The book is trustworthy, the information carefully gathered and judiciously treated, and it well deserves a place beside the corresponding works of Beddard and Lyddeker. In some places it might with advantage have been condensed, a single reference replacing unnecessary repetitions (*e.g.*, the quotation from Bonney, p. 83, 180, 229, the story of the Clausiliæ, etc.). Indeed, the chief fault of style is a tendency to be diffuse, which could easily be remedied in a second edition by a careful verbal revision and pruning. Were this done, there would be no need for the summary at the end of every chapter, which is of little use, as the perusal of it cannot supersede the reading of the chapter, and it is superfluous when one has mastered the text that precedes it. The use of the words *Teutonic* and *Celtic* (p. 104) as names of provinces should on all grounds be vigorously protested against, considering that these unfortunate names are already used in so many illegitimate connotations. Dr. Scharff, however, is not responsible for them.

ALEX. MACALISTER.

* "The History of the European Fauna." By R. F. Scharff, B.Sc., Ph.D. 6s. (London: Walter Scott. 1899)

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SOCIALISM.*

This is an interesting book. It is always clever, often ingenious, and sometimes brilliant. In order to characterise it, we must borrow a word from the author's own language; it is full of *esprit*. The translation is well done into vivid and effective English, but it is not immaculate. Without having the French original before us we can see that it has some serious errors. For instance, on page 9 we are told that the "collectivist doctrines were exposed long ago in the Republic of Plato." Here *exposed* should obviously read *set forth*. The French word *salaire* when applied to the working man's remuneration is too often translated salary instead of wages.

The purport of M. Gustave Le Bon's book may be described as a discussion of the character of men and of races in its relation to socialism. From the philosophic point of view he regards socialism as a reaction of the collectivity against the individual. The French Revolution was the first great historic expression of individualism. This expression was excessive and could not be lasting. Socialism is a return in an excessive degree to the methods of the past. Trained to civilisation under the absolute administration of the Roman Empire, the Latin races have always been deficient in individual energy, and have been accustomed to lean upon the State. They are therefore by their heredity inclined to socialism. Socialism is

* "The Psychology of Socialism." By Gustave Le Bon. 16s (T. Fisher Unwin, 1899)

merely the form assumed in the nineteenth century by an old tendency which is marked by the decline of individual energy and the excessive dependence on the State. Further, socialism finds its recruits chiefly among those whom M. Le Bon calls the unadapted, meaning those who by a natural or acquired lack of capacity are not fitted to take any kind of efficient place in the society by which they are surrounded. He blames the methods of the higher education now prevalent in France for the excessive increase of an educated class of which great numbers fall into the ranks of the unadapted and so become socialist. Thus stated, M. Le Bon's theory may to some have a convincing appearance, and may be regarded as throwing light on the alleged decadence of the Latin races.

Let us test the theory by reference to Germany. Here also we have a very strong government that leaves no department of the national life untouched. But we have also no lack of individual energy, and generally a national efficiency in all practical departments which is unsurpassed anywhere in the world Yet it is in this very country that we have incomparably the strongest development of socialism, and its adherents are not the unfit, but are the most intelligent and efficient working men in the great industrial centres. When applied to Germany, the theory crumbles to pieces. It is too simple a theory to sum up the wide variety of influences which make for socialism. To identify socialism with State action is a very erroneous or at least a most misleading and inadequate way of speaking.

M. Gustave Le Bon in a passage of his book gives us a curious picture of the Parisian working man. It would be very unbecoming in us to dispute its accuracy. The Parisian working man has undoubtedly passed through a unique variety of experiences, which may have made him a very different being from the working men of this and other countries. But M. Le Bon's picture is evidently drawn too much from an outside study. It would be well if men who speak with authority on social subjects would try to know the working man justly and sympathetically with a real inside knowledge.

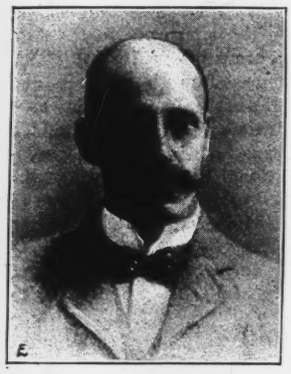
On the whole, we believe that M. Le Bon has no small affinity to that class of French writers who, particularly in treating of foreign countries, deal too much with abstractions and too little with concrete facts. The working class in the various countries is not a pale and shadowy abstraction, but consists of millions of living men, who have feelings, interests, and ideals of their own. Much that is here said by M. Le Bon has no real relation to the social movement and the working men whom it represents, but is simply a brilliant manipulation of abstractions.

T. Kirkup.

WAGNER'S LETTERS.*

Mr. Ashton Ellis, while continuing his lengthy, arduous, and interesting task of translating the prose works of Wagner, presents to us two less ponderous volumes which throw a great deal of light on the master's personality. The letters to Heckel, founder of the earliest Wagner Society and still a member of the Bayreuth Council of Administration, with the explanatory notes written by his son, Herr Karl Heckel, form a concise history of the establishment of the Festspielhaus, and are of particular interest to such as concern themselves with the history of music and of the drama. The other volume will be more generally attractive. They show Wagner the man in the midst of his struggles with fortune, the artist continually ill at ease with the world, ever seeking, never finding the rest for production. They were written to friends he could confide in and open his heart fully to—Herr Wesendonck, a rich and most generous man, whose purse was always at the composer's disposal, Fräulein Malwida von Meysenbug, and Frau Eliza Wille. On the whole, he speaks with most emotion when writing to his man friend, Wesendonck. The main subject is everywhere his own war with the world, a war unceasing, even though he regarded the hostile forces in philosophical fashion, knowing well that the world wanted its own way just as he did, only was a little stronger.

Imaginative genius is a stranger, mostly warring or contemptuous, but always alien. This is the truth spoken loud in every genuine record of a poet's life, and Wagner is very articulate. "There is no rooted bitterness or scorn in me, and I take without question whatever presents itself, though I certainly have not to seek for it. But—it always returns very soon to the primary key; and—then I stay so foreign to the world, that I often wonder how much longer the game is to go on." The necessity of the artist to produce is seen in him at raging point. Even the distraction of things his soul loved, scenery, the other arts, was torture to him at times. "Whenever I tried it of yore, I straightway fell ill and wretched—especially was this the case with me in Italy. I never am well saving when I have full rest for work." He regrets his inability for calm recreation. "I, too, have yearned for the rest of a noble enjoying—; yet that will ne'er be granted me! Rest for creating, or rest for dying; in this sense alone, I know it, is rest allowed me." And amidst this ceaseless struggle to get everything he could out of himself, and in perfection, he was maddened by the certainty that what was all life to him was but a trifle, an amusement to the sober world. "My whole life and work to me seem quite in vain and useless, and I appear to have spent too much earnestness on what the world after all but deems *a game*."



MR. W. ASHTON ELLIS.

While he speaks of himself as an alien in the world, he was never a recluse. Human intercourse meant a great deal to him. Indeed, rough fighter though he was, he was one of those who demand soft sympathetic surroundings, and there are utterances here on the subject of friendship of the deepest emotion. Speaking of the warm feelings and ready help extended towards him by the Wesendoncks, he says: "All at once such a sunny brightness came before my eyes, that I saw the whole world transfigured and at rest, until a solemn tear dissolved this picture in a thousand marvellous refractions. Dearest, I have never experienced such a thing before! so *radically* furthering a power of friendship had never yet entered my life; and what I felt was not precisely joy about the gotten property, but the glorious warmth conferred on me by the feeling of your friendship, the consciousness of being *carried*, that suddenly removed each weight, each burden from me." In the letters to Frau Wille there are most interesting glimpses of the close bond between him and the young King of Bavaria. His language is ecstatic, but Ludwig was more fervent still concerning the great genius, to whom it was the highest privilege he knew to minister during that brief period of his manhood when he seemed destined to be the exemplar of wisdom and beauty and enlightenment to all the princes of the world. "Alas!" writes Wagner, "he is so handsome and intelligent, so splendid and so full of soul, that I fear lest his life should vanish like a fleeting dream of gods in this vulgar world." Again, "Daily he sends either once or twice. Then I fly as to a sweetheart. 'Tis a fascinating interview. This thirst for instruction, this comprehension, this quiver and glow, I have never encountered in such splendid unrestraint." And yet again, "Of the divineness of my youthful king no hymn could sing exhaustively. Here everything is like a fairy-dream; one cannot credit that such beauty, depth, sublimity, should suddenly appear in human life." There is a terrible irony in some words that follow: "Naught harms him—he is charmed."

Annie Macdonell.

* "Richard Wagner: Letters to Wesendonck et al." Translated and Indexed by Wm. Ashton Ellis. 3s. 6d.
"Letters of Richard Wagner to Emil Heckel: With a Brief History of the Bayreuth Festivals." Translated and Indexed by Wm. Ashton Ellis. 3s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

TWELVE YEARS IN CHAINS.*

Regarded simply as a story of adventure and sensation, Mr. Neufeld's account of his imprisonment surpasses in sheer horror anything we have read. The description of the loathsome den in which the struggling mass of prisoners was confined, the torturing shackles eating into the flesh, the cruelties of the gaolers, who, when they wished to force another score or so of wretched creatures into the hole, made room for them by "throwing into the cell handfuls of blazing straw and grass, and at the same time laying about the bare heads and shoulders of the prisoners

* "A Prisoner of the Khaleefa. Twelve Years' Captivity at Omdurman." By Charles Neufeld. (Chapman and Hall.)

with their whips," reads like a record of demoniac orgies. No wonder Fauzi, Gordon's old favourite, waking out of a swoon to find himself in such a scene, believed that "he had really been sent to hell." Where there is anything in Neufeld's history that needs excuse (we cannot say there is nothing), he need only refer his critics to the descriptions of the "Saier." No man could serve a term of imprisonment in that veritable inferno, and live through it and preserve his sanity through it, and not suffer some demoralisation. In Mr. Neufeld's case the wonder is that he has not suffered more.

From first to last he defied his captors. In vain Slatin Pasha hinted at conciliation. Whatever injustice he has to complain of, nobody has ever impugned his courage. To tell the truth, Mr. Neufeld considers that he has a good deal to complain of and declares that he has been struggling in "a sea of malice and uncharitableness" ever since the Sirdar set him free. Europeans have criticised his action in making saltpetre and cartridge machines for the Mahdists. Well, he tells us that he purposely made the saltpetre useless and the machines unworkable. We accept his explanation, and are content. It is scarcely to be wondered at that the accounts of his capture were many and various. Who was there to give the true one? Apparently the people in the Soudan who tell the truth speedily find their heads tumbling into a trench. The Soudanese as a rule prefer to make their statements according to value received. We are interested to hear the facts of the case now, and are satisfied that Mr. Neufeld did not betray Sheikh Saleh Bey Wad Salem. A man who has been twelve years in an Oriental prison—and such a prison—is not to be judged by ordinary rules, nor will his methods in all things commend themselves to Western ideas. But why so many innuendoes and threatenings of disclosure to come—why so many thrusts at unnamed Press correspondents and half-formed accusations against people whom "for Gordon's sake" he will spare? It seems to us that Mr. Neufeld has interpreted every garbled account or erroneous rumour about him into a deliberate and malicious slander, and allowed his resentment to outrun his judicial sense. He has his remedy. His own account of himself is before the public, and assuredly it is not a book to remain unread. Might it not have been offered without the tinge of bitterness?

On one point we join issue with him frankly, and that is in his account of Gordon's death. In parallel columns he prints the narratives given in "Mahdism," in Slatin's "Fire and Sword in the Soudan," and in Father Ohrwalder's record as rendered by Major Wingate. They relate the story as generally known and accepted. Gordon coming out of his room found the staircase besieged by a frenzied horde of dervishes searching for him. Seeing that escape was impossible, and that death had found him out, he stood calmly waiting, his left hand on the hilt of his sword. Then, as a spear was thrown at him, he raised his hand and turned aside with a gesture of scorn. At that moment another spear pierced him between the shoulders, and he fell, mortally wounded. The maddened rabble dragged his body down the steps, cut off the head, and bore it in triumph to the Mahdi.

Thus we have believed, but the account rouses Mr. Neufeld's furious ire. "Gordon," he cries, "the world has been made to believe, died as a coward. . . . turned his back upon his assailants, and in his back received his mortal wound. It is an infamous lie." But Great Britain does not worship cowards. Yet the hero of this very tale, wounded in the back, dragged about, mangled, beheaded, is reckoned among us as the noblest Englishman of our time. It does not stamp a man a coward to retain his coolness and deliberation of manner in the face of certain death. It does not discredit a hero that his dead body is maltreated. Great Hector himself was dragged at Achilles' chariot wheels, and has not been called a coward. Mr. Neufeld has made a mistake. He has been out of the world for twelve years and has lost touch with its ideas. Gordon is *not* believed to have died as a coward.

But what sort of account does Mr. Neufeld give us instead? Alas, for our hero, looking calmly in the face of death! Here we find him utterly frenzied and maddened, hacking, struggling, fighting like a wild beast, battering men blindly to death, shooting them down, and then kicking the fallen on the head to kill them. "When Gordon fell, his sword was dripping with the blood of his assailants, for no less than sixteen or seventeen did he cut down with it. When Gordon fell his left hand was blackened with the unburned powder from his at least thrice-emptied revolver. When Gordon fell his life's blood was pouring from a spear and pistol-shot wound in his right breast. When Gordon fell his boots were slippery with the blood of the crowd of dervishes he shot and hacked his way through in his heroic attempt to cut his way out and place himself at the head of his troops. Gordon died as only Gordon could die. Let the world be misinformed and deceived about Soudan affairs with the tales of so-called guides and spies, but let it be told the truth of Gordon's death."

Nay, if that be the truth, spare us the disillusionment. But it will take more than the gossip of Khartoum to convince us that the face of death turned Gordon into a demon of purposeless and useless slaughter. It will take more than Orphali's belated witness, more than the lurid extravaganzas of a thousand Oriental imaginations, to give the lie to the whole life of a calm and fearless Christian soldier, wise enough to know when the end had come, and brave enough, having done all, to stand.

For confirmation Mr. Neufeld appeals to the account given by Khaleel Agha Orphali, Gordon's head cavass or body-servant, who was with his master at the end. This account Mr. Neufeld has got from the old man and printed *in extenso* in the Appendix. But even this has not, after the first moment, shaken our faith in our hero. It rather tempts us to ask questions. How is it that we have not heard this tale of an eye-witness all these fifteen years? Mr. Neufeld says that Orphali has been "afraid . . . to talk about his relations with Gordon," and gives as his reason the revolver episode of 1878-9. But that was precisely the incident that attracted Gordon to him. Orphali, holding a trifling rank in the Egyptian army, came with his men to demand arrears of pay. Gordon directed them to apply at Khartoum. They became insolent, and Gordon drew his revolver. Orphali did the same, and Gordon sent him off under arrest. Soon after he sent for him, complimented him on his courage, and offered him a post about his person. Later, Orphali became his constant attendant, and though he was known to get into trouble for violence, he remained in Gordon's service till the fatal day of Khartoum. What conceivable reason could he have for being "afraid" to speak of these years? How did he escape being searched out and questioned? And who is to vouch for Orphali's story? Is he the one man in the East who does not suit his story to the temper of his audience and the one veteran of all time who does not add to the number of the slain when fighting his battles o'er again? Fifteen years make a difference in the reminiscences even of unimaginative northerners. And looking merely to the probabilities of the case, we can easily suppose that to Orphali, as to Mr. Neufeld, the official story of Gordon's death seems a tame affair. An Oriental might well feel ashamed of its lack of colour and evolve a purple patch or two to clothe his recollections withal. These are only surmises, but at least they are, as we have said, probabilities. The flaming melodrama of Gordon's slashing about him with his sword, and clambering, bloodsodden and breathless, over piles of dead and dying is as utterly improbable a tale as ever was told.

No, we are at one with Mr. Neufeld in his admiration for Gordon, but we fear he will include us among his unreasonable and carping foes when we decline to accept his championship of our hero.

And in his strictures on Father Ohrwalder (or Major Wingate) we approve only his opinions, not his temper. Like him, we do not blame Gordon for reading at Berber and Metemmeh the firman for the withdrawal of the Government troops; like him, we do not agree that Gordon overestimated his personal influence in the Soudan; like him, we do not admit that Gordon did wrong to shelter and feed the wives and children of his enemies. But we leave to Father Ohrwalder in all goodwill the right to his opinion on these as matters of policy, while we trust that Mr. Neufeld will yet make fuller discoveries regarding Gordon's relations with those of his subordinates specially referred to in the Appendix as well as regarding the precise circumstances of his death. For Mr. Neufeld's Gordon is not the hero the British nation has worshipped these fifteen years—just, kind, judicious in all his dealings; alert, ready, fearless in danger; calm, dauntless, and unmoved in the face of death.

MR. LIONEL DECLE ON THE FRENCH ARMY.*

(From a French Point of View.)

In writing "Trooper 3809," Mr. Lionel Decle has played not a little to the gallery of English patriotism. For although the

* "Trooper 3809." By Lionel Decle. 6s. (Heinemann.)

book deals with the military life and organisation of France, it offers, indirectly and by contrast and comparison, constant homage to the efficiency and power of the English army. The book is, of course, gratifying reading for John Bull, but it must be read in a spirit of discrimination and impartiality, for Mr. Decle has been, at least to some extent, inspired by a desire to flatter national pride, to support national prejudices.

Certainly Mr. Decle tells us a dismal tale. From the hour he first enlisted to the happy day he was invalided home, Trooper 3809's existence seems to have been an uninterrupted series of nauseating horrors, a monotonous round of toil and punishment. The men who might any day be called upon to defend the honour of their country had nothing to remind them of the dignity of their position. They might well have been convicts. Dante's "Lasciate ogni speranza" would certainly have been a more appropriate inscription over the entrance of the barracks than the mockery of "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité." All notion of self-respect, consequently of self-reliance, was crushed out of the men by the Juggernaut of a blind, remorseless discipline. From their arrival the "volontaires" were entrusted to the care of brutal and ignorant subalterns, whose one ambition seemed to be to bully the men and give them a bad character in the regiment. This they could do most effectively, since the officers drew their exclusive knowledge of the men from reports drawn out by the subalterns. At the hands of these bullies the men suffered every form of brutality and punishment. The only check to this despotism was the intervention of the officers, but since a punishment could only be appealed against after it was undergone, and such an appeal was considered as an act of insubordination, the authority of the subalterns was despotic to a degree. The sanitary arrangements were really impossible; dirt, vermin, disease, were the proper element of the trooper. Esprit-de-corps was naturally totally lacking.

Mr. Decle affirms that his description of the French army twenty years ago applies equally well to the army of to-day. He bolsters up his assertion by referring to the futility of the reforms which have since been introduced in the French military organisation. It is true that these reforms are few and far between, and that we only find one serious omission on the part of Mr. Decle. Sanitary arrangements have vastly improved of late, and baths may now be found in most barracks. He might also have hinted at the interesting scientific experiments which are continually being made in every branch of military defence, for this feverish interest in all technical matters betokens at any rate a progressive spirit. If all these improvements are examined in the light of those that are still untou hed, their importance dwindles into nothingness. But the very fact that there has been some improvement, however slight, in a country which is the slave of routine, proves that the authorities in charge of the French army are conscious of its imperfections and will leave no stone unturned to atone for them. The bold statement that the system is the same as twenty years ago in its main lines may be very true, but it is doing a great injustice to France not to adduce the extenuating circumstances of her frankness in regarding the situation as it is, and the earnestness of her desire to improve it. Then, it is no easy matter to reform so complicated an organisation as the French army, for the removal of any of its foundation stones would jeopardise the whole edifice.

However, granting that the system is the same, as far as all vital matters are concerned, as twenty years ago, are its effects as fatal, as inevitable as Mr. Decle would have us think? On the whole, his experience must be pronounced much more unfortunate than that of the average French soldier. This is due to one unlucky circumstance on which Mr. Decle does not enough insist. This is the character of his colonel, and particularly his attitude towards recruits of the "volontaires conditionnels" class, to which it was Mr. Decle's lot to belong. He tells us that this colonel hated volontaires, and here is probably the source of all the author's tribulations. For, of all the officers whose action tells on the inner life of a French regiment, the colonel has the first place, and his influence is paramount. The non-commissioned officers know their promotion depends on the colonel's opinion, and stand at his beck and call; consequently his merest whims are laws. The commissioned officers are quite as dependent upon him, since the notes setting forth their claims to promotion, which are actually drawn out by the lieutenant-colonel, are nevertheless inspired by the colonel and subject to his approval. Thus this omnipotent officer has the whole regiment in his hands, and his impulse is felt more or less in every detail. He may reign by justice or by terror, as he inclines, because his example, good or bad, is sure to be copied by all the other officials placed under him and whose prospects he decides. Small wonder then that when such an important personage set his evil eye on Mr. Decle, the latter should have had such a hard time of it. But if at the head of the regiment in which it was his misfortune to serve there had been a conscientious and humane officer—and such officers certainly greatly outnumber the "martinets of the worst type"—we do not hesitate to say that the atmosphere of the whole regiment would have been different. Mr. Decle's experiences were exceptional. The normal aspect of French military life, with its daily round of drilling and fatigue, is hard enough, but it is not further embittered by malignant persecution on the part both of officers and subalterns acting with the tacit approval of their colonel. These malpractices the colonel can prevent, and in most cases does prevent. Thus do individual efforts atone for a vicious system, and through the example of the officers the morale of the subalterns is generally maintained at a certain standard. The French recruit has therefore nothing to fear beyond the necessary hardships, which are the same the world over, unless he fall by chance under the command of some black sheep of the officers' corps. But would the influence of officers who do not trouble to do their duty be less nefarious under any other system?

If Mr. Decle's book is to be read with profit, it must be remembered that within the limits of the French system, on the base of its unflinching regulations, every form—good or bad—of military life is possible, because in the body of French officers there is every shade of character. And no one record of individual experience, certainly not Mr. Decle's record, may be considered fully representative.

Paul Rhyns.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE'S NEW NOVEL.*

The title of Mr. Anthony Hope's new novel is a direct challenge to criticism. To mirror on printed page the simplest of mortals is an achievement. But the personality of a king, the strange combination of the power of majesty and the weakness of humanity, can never be simple, and to mirror such complexity of heart and brain and circumstance is a triumph. Ambitious, even audacious, as is the scheme of the book, "The King's Mirror" does not belie its title. The human side of kingship is, it is true, in some degree the theme of "The Prisoner of Zenda," but although the scene of "The King's Mirror" is laid in some mock kingdom of romance, the book bears stronger likeness to "The God in the Car" and even to "The Dolly Dialogues" than to Mr. Anthony Hope's later novels. Ruritania, with its rush of adventure and excitement, was no place for a close and intimate study of individual character. "The King's Mirror" does not depend for its interest on excursions and alarums and thrilling story. It is the autobiography of the man behind the mask of monarchy. And the image of this man is reflected as in a looking glass.

This inner man must always be the child of present circumstance and past tradition. In Mr. Anthony Hope's mirror we watch the gradual development of King Augustin of Forstadt, from the glorious morning when it dawned upon him that he was greater than his mother, through the years of training and gradual awakening, through the years of splendid ambitions and passionate longings, down to the bitter evening of lost illusions, when he was finally broken on the wheel of his dignity, when, weary of the struggle, he "accepted what Bederhof had arranged." From beginning to end Mr. Anthony Hope merely holds the mirror, offering neither comment nor explanation. We confess we should have liked his judgment on this last great decision of his hero. Was he a martyr to duty, did he choose the better part? Or was he not rather the plaything of that circumstance and tradition to which he owed his position and his possibilities? Was he strong in ruling his spirit or weak in allowing his spirit to be ruled? Qui vivra, verra—for a sequel is inevitable.

"The King's Mirror" is purely a study in psychology. It will never gain the appreciation of the great public. It is subtle and analytical, a thing of drab and detail. But it is the work of a great artist, of a much greater artist than the creator of Mr. Rassendyll, of Black Michael, of Sapt. There

* "The King's Mirror." By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)

was character, living being in these figures, for the distance that separates Mr. Anthony Hope from the host of his imitators is the distance between real men and wooden puppets, but we could never know them as we know King Augustin, the Countess von Sempach, Wetter or Krak. They were hidden under the cloak of most stirring romance, the interest of their character was always subservient to the interest of plot. In "The King's Mirror" there is but the most trifling romance, and the single exciting episode of a duel between the king and Wetter seems to have slipped in unawares. The main theme is character not adventure, the interest centres in men not in events. And Forstadt is not situated in some realm of extravagant fancy, but in the world of reality.

It is useless to attempt a summary of the story of Mr. Anthony Hope's new novel, for this would be little else than a catalogue of a gallery of portraits grouped round the central life-size painting of King Augustin. Each picture is masterly; each character completely understood and as completely revealed.

"The King's Mirror" may add little to Mr. Anthony Hope's popularity. It will add immensely to his reputation. It is a memorable book.

J. E. H. W.

WAGNER'S FAIRY PRINCE.*

Still another version of the story of King Louis, the more tragic "Prince Otto" of real life, who never awoke from his dreams till he found himself—from whom he had kept the real world far aloof—fast beset by very real mad doctors and keepers. Reality was intolerable, and to evade it, and end it, he plunged into Starnberg lake. Miss Gerard has diligently ransacked the German books on the subject, and so hers has a good deal of matter that will be new to most English readers. The illustrations from photographs of Louis and his relations, of the exteriors and interiors of his many palaces, must also help to make the book popular. Ninety-nine out of every hundred biographies are beneath contempt regarded by every test. As literature and as psychology they are worthless. This is certainly not the hundredth. It is marvellously ill-written; its comment is mostly fatuous. What is one to make of such nonsense as this: "And so went down, apparently, Wagner's great scheme into Ewigkeit—but no! with art there is no 'Ewigkeit.'" And there are many such gems. But from the story, as it can be picked out from her industrious and muddled account, an interested reader can reconstruct the picture for himself, though not very clearly, perhaps. Louis came to his end thirteen years ago. Already he is a legend to the peasants of Bavaria, and only when he has become so to the rest of the world, when the laugh at his eccentricities, and the irritation at his play-acting have died down, will the essentials of him be rightly known. Miss Gerard now apologises, now seems to stretch her charity even to the point of approval, but she leaves the impression that as a sensible person with a sense of duty and responsibility, she has an unbounded contempt for him. It is not the right attitude. He was undoubtedly, though not very grievously, mad; and he was a most inconvenient kind of modern king. But on her own showing, he was no fool. Bismarck's flattery was perhaps partly cynical, but Bismarck was not wont for long to keep up a show of respect for a fool, and his testimony to Louis's mental powers is corroborated by others. The king's service to Wagner at a critical time is a bright spot in the history of art. His generosity towards art and artists was boundless. With all his vagaries, he did very little harm. The chill-blooded purity of his nature may have been only a negative kind of virtue, but it kept a clean atmosphere round him. Arbitrary he was, but, after all, nobody was thrown into his Bastille. Miss Gerard has certainly exaggerated the wild stories of his jealousy of the Crown Prince of Prussia and his malevolent intentions towards him. Was it anything more than the antipathy between the North and South German temperaments, somewhat intensified? Prussia made by the drill-sergeant, with its hard industry, its determination to get on in the world, and its cold Protestantism, what bond save a common language was there between it and Bavaria, with its long romantic history, its artistic traditions, and aristocratic ideals? Frederick was a Prussian, a philanthropic, Lutheran Prussian, and Louis was a minnesinger Catholic king.

From Photo by] MR. ANTHONY HOPE. *[Alfred Ellis.*

Miss Gerard, however, is quite right in suggesting that had he been deposed, or had he abdicated, earlier, the darker tragedy of his life might have been avoided. His personal wealth would have satisfied a good deal of his mania for building fairy-palaces, and his inability to dip into the State treasury might have been trusted to check its excess. He would have been less tempted to play at the dangerous game of *L'état c'est moi*, the one that more than anything else obscured and weakened his mind. He would have been free to wander about the world as a knight errant,—a more wholesome career, at least, than hiding from people who bored him with State business, or the invisible assassin whom in his latter days he believed was always lurking in wait for him because he wore a crown. But this is idle speculation. He did not abdicate. Capriciously he transacted State affairs with great ability, or refused to have anything to do with them. He had better employment. Imaginative people are children all their days; they continue their playing. Only, Louis was rich; he could and did give body to his inner dramas. There never was anyone more sincere. He loathed the ugly modern world; he tried to defy it, and to replace it by the realisation of his visions. The ugly modern world resents such an attitude and ruins whoever takes it up. In certain ways he was wonderfully sane. It was a right instinct that kept him out of the Franco-German war. It is the mere pedantry of patriotism to wish a man who was no soldier to have undertaken what he would have only ignominiously failed in—for the King of Bavaria could have been given no minor military post. And if he was vain, he was not such a fatuous idiot as to have been content merely to show his beautiful person in the neighbourhood of actual grim war. He was extremely sane in not undertaking other duties for which he was not fit. If he had counted kingship as such, all

* "The Romance of Ludwig II. of Bavaria." By Frances Gerard. With 54 Portraits and Illustrations. 16s. (Hutchinson.)

might have gone well, for he had not his brother Otto's malady. But kingship was too convenient a toy for his game of Louis XIV. and Versailles; and so he became a madman. In his defiance of the conventionalities there is a humour which is rather engaging, as when he wrote to the Emperor who wished to give him the Order of the Black Eagle, that he would be pleased to receive it "when less fatigued"—at least he was no sycophant—or when he had a huge floral erection placed between him and a personage who had to be present at banquets and whose face he detested. His eccentricities were many of them the result of mere momentary irritation against a plan of life, not his, which the world, against all the evidence of his personality, continued to thrust on him. The peasants who heard the rushing noise of his horse through their hamlets at midnight, knew little else of him, but they probably knew the real man. What most people are pleased to see on the stage once a year was to him daily meat and drink and breathing. The world counted this foolishness; to him it was wisdom. The world was the stronger—but he died rather than accept its attitude.

MR. CROCKETT'S DOUBLE.*

It is to be hoped that many years will pass before Mr. Crockett is called by circumstances, or by the enterprise of a publisher, to write his autobiography or even his reminiscences; it may even be hoped that his personal experiences, as those of a man of letters of probably unrivalled fecundity, industry, and "go," are not of such a character as to justify him in following the example of Carlyle, of Amiel, or even of the late Mr. Anthony Trollope. Meanwhile it may be questioned if Messrs. Clarke have shown wisdom in "forewording" the appearance of "Kit Kennedy" in the way they have done. They are perfectly entitled to advertise their wares in an age when advertisement is inevitable. But an advertisement that is calculated to defeat its end is worse than no advertisement at all, and of course will lead to the taking of only a languid personal interest in the book. We are told that it "may be described as Mr. Crockett's 'David Copperfield,'" that "the scene is laid about his own birthplace," and that "though the events are not, of course, to be identified with those of the author's own life, the whole atmosphere, religious and moral, is that which he breathed as a boy." The "of course" is fatal. One would have taken some interest in Mr. Christopher Kennedy, the drunken expert in classics, if one could have supposed him with good reason to have been to Mr. Crockett what Mr. Micawber was undoubtedly to Dickens. But "of course" debars any such supposition, and the life of Kit Kennedy in a Galloway farm and in Edinburgh is not so very extraordinary that its identification with certain experiences in Mr. Crockett's career is of real significance. One sees easily that Professor Blackie is "that fine, impulsive, clean-thoughted, noble gentleman, Professor Angus Aitchison, of the University of Edinburgh." The sketch is, however, a hastily executed one at the best. Could or would Blackie have said, "No porridge-fed Gallovidian ever read anything half so good as my translation of Homer"?

If Kit Kennedy is a failure as Mr. Crockett's double, his story is very disappointing as a novel. If its author cannot do better than this, he had better say good-bye to the "Cleg Kelly" style of fiction, and stick to the "Ione March" and "Black Douglas" lines of business. The writing is hurried, and in passages lamentably slovenly. The sketches of character, with the exception of one or two, are not drawn with a firm hand. The Scottish dialect is poor, and here and there only bad English. A good deal of Galloway coarseness is introduced quite unnecessarily, as where Betty Landsborough gives that wretched caricature of humanity, Willie Gilroy, a box on the ear which resounds like a pistol shot. (By the way, how much more delicately would the author of the "Annals of the Parish" have managed the conduct of Willie Gilroy's four wives after the Resurrection!) The plot is clumsy, involved, and full of impossibilities. Lilias Armour's bigamy is farcical; she could never have married that maniacal scoundrel Walter MacWalter; when her father, Ruling Elder Armour, follows the example of his namesake, the father of Burns's Jean, and burns her marriage lines, she would not have been taken in with such a poor device. In any case she would have given her lover some chance of proving whether he, and not mad MacWalter, had married Mary Bisset before deluding herself. Then the final scenes—the reformation of the drunken expert in classics, the attempt of mad MacWalter to murder his second wife as he had murdered his first, the marriage of the younger Mary Bisset and Kit Kennedy—are merely a closuring of the plot.

There is, of course, plenty of vigorous action in "Kit Kennedy," as there is in all Mr. Crockett's stories. Three characters, too, help to redeem it. Kit Kennedy is *not* one of the three. He is not to be named in the same breath with that delightful imp, Cleg Kelly. He is simply as commonplace a country lad as ever won a bursary, experimented in calf-love, "cheeked" a professor, or was saved from going to the bad by a mother's precepts or a father's "flagrant example." Nor is Infidel Lecturer Bisset one of the three; he is too palpably Edna Lyallish without "Donovan" surroundings. But up to the time when he too suddenly develops a dislike to public-house odours, the father of Kit Kennedy—the disreputable Mr. Christopher Kennedy—is a clever sketch of a good man who goes deplorably wrong, but is saved by love and the sense that he has been unjustly treated from becoming an utter moral wreck. As convict, Orra Man, private tutor to his own son, he is excellent and impressive—a Scottish Jean Valjean all gone to whisky. Lilias Armour or MacWalter or Kennedy is also a sound portrait of a good, patient woman that is quite capable of triumphing over most difficulties. Then Mary Bisset the younger is one of those girls of spirit that Mr. Crockett never fails to draw well—an Ione March who finds her mission in pupil-teachering, attending to the Infidel Lecturer, and putting resolution and heart into Kit Kennedy. Taken as a whole, however, this story can only be described as provoking.

William Wallace.

* "Kit Kennedy: Country Boy." By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (James Clarke and Co.)

THE CASE OF MR. STEEVENS.*

Mr. Steevens' part in this book is mainly a journalistic account of the drama at Rennes, with sharp photographic word pictures of the chief personages there assembled. He has, however, prefaced his story of the court-martial by a chapter on the earlier history of the Affair; and the publishers have added a really admirable appendix by means of which the case may be followed in official documents. That Mr. Steevens' opinions respecting this *cause célèbre* are not very clear must not be imputed to him for blame; but one could wish he did not take up so many different attitudes towards it. One chapter is discounted by another in a way extremely puzzling at first sight. But a general backlook over the volume reveals plainly enough his real feelings in the matter, if it allows you to choose among his opinions. I suppose, taken as a whole, it sums up for Dreyfus, though it is more bitter against the Dreyfusards than their opponents. Mr. Steevens' struggle to be impartial and independent is worthy of all respect. And one must make the usual acknowledgments to him for the brightness, the cleverness of his manner. In a sense his book is excellent journalism. He keeps a reader's attention when he has actually nothing to tell, as in his account of the days he and his *confrères* waited at Rennes while nothing happened. But the subject is a more testing one than he has treated before. With the exception of his book on America, his earlier works have been interesting as day-to-day records of things happening; his opinions have not concerned us much at all. It was possible to treat the Rennes drama from the outside; but he has not done so. He has sat, like all the rest of us, as judge in the Affair; and his mind is tossed and troubled by a war between certain principles he has adopted and his far stronger sympathies and antipathies. His last chapter is a solemn warning to France against military rule. Surely he can only mean the rule of the present army powers, otherwise the whole tone of the rest of the book discounts it. And though abuse of the present military authorities could hardly go further, he is again and again, against evidence, on their side. Surely he errs, judged as a mere reporter, in saying, "The questions of Labori which Jouaust refused to put were generally such as did not need putting—rhetorical points which, as Labori himself said often enough, had done their work as soon as he uttered them."

The book presents the curious result of scolding France for its conduct in the Affair, and almost admitting he would have supported that conduct had he been a Frenchman. His

* "The Tragedy of Dreyfus." By G. W. Steevens. With Portrait and Appendix. 5s. (Harpers.)

doubtful admission becomes a certainty in the mind of a reader who listens to his tone as well as his words. The fact is, there is war going on within himself. He sees France being ruined by military domination, and his own instincts and sympathies are such as, unchecked, would lead to the same state of affairs. He alternately abuses the seven judges and pats them on the back. He talks of their honesty, and yet calls the witness Freystaetter the "only quite disinterested person in the place." When he approves of them, it is because they are soldiers. When they play the fool, he treats their folly as the voice of France. His inability as a guide is summed up in this sentence: "For France I am not sure but the hypothesis of their honest inability to weigh evidence about Dreyfus is not more ominous than dishonest and cowardly submission to the wishes of generals." He misses the whole point. Their inability to weigh evidence in a complicated case, into which politics, religion, the question even of their own authority, entered so largely, was no less and no greater than would be the inability of any seven officers in Europe similarly circumstanced. Put the question of moral cowardice aside. They were soldiers. A soldier is made—fed, drilled, trained, educated—for fighting or planning fights, or intimidating the rest of the world to keep the peace. As such he is worthy of all honour and reward within his sphere. To give him other work to do, to make him a judge outside questions of technique and discipline, is madness. Not merely is he unprepared for it: the very training that makes him a good soldier disqualifies him for it. The sense of rigorous discipline, so necessary in the military state—an abnormal state—is stultifying and demoralising in civic affairs; and justice has no better chance at the hands of an honest soldier than at those of a dishonest lawyer. Provided it be not allowed to meddle with things of which it has not learnt the alphabet, let us all cry, *Vive l'Armée.*

MR. BENJAMIN SWIFT'S NEW NOVEL.*

There is a long journey between Mr. Swift's new book and those that have preceded it. He has dropped a good deal of his singularity and his extravagance by the way, and the change is not merely external. Formerly he forced us to look upon him as a young writer of capriciously original views of life, who might at any moment—though the contingency was not quite certain—break over the traces and show himself revolutionary indeed. Having stepped across some stray obstacles of conventions, he seemed bent on taking the fence of tradition as well, but he did not take it at one unthinking bound. Now he has written a book whose general tone is kindly towards conventions, and which, if it sometimes speaks playfully of pagan joy and pagan conduct, finds them wanting when weighed in the balance with Puritanism. One of the strongest features of his earlier books was the intense psychological interest they showed in human villainy. Here we have three rascals. But two of them, Vacca and Tizio, who in the beginning give promise of being capital subjects for his study, fizzle off before the end. Tizio's villainy is never serious. There is much talk of the Cammorra—the scene of half the book is Naples—but the descriptions of that terrible secret society are, save for a few details about the members of it who happen to be in jail, very vague. We do not regret that the morbidity of "The Tormentor" is not reproduced, even if we think that both the tone and the material are at times distinctly more commonplace than in his earlier stories. There is more sanity, more simplicity. But perhaps even yet he has not found himself; he is too full of talent to do that quickly; and in "Siren City" are curiously varied echoes, now of the Italian stories of Mr. Marion Crawford, and now of Mr. Meredith.

The story deals with an English heiress, who ran away with an Italian adventurer, and was disowned by her father for a time in consequence. She was very beautiful, and a paragon of goodness, we are told; and even after her escapade and her experiences of a wicked Southern city, she used to love to go and worship at the little dissenting Church of the Redeemer. To us she seems a woman capable of romance, who did not whine when her mistake proved painful to her, and who was just as heroic as was compatible with a fair amount of comfort in her life. Her qualities were rather negative, like those of many people who are hailed enthusiastically as good. She did some indiscreet things, but chiefly because she was too helpless to carve out another course for herself. Her nature was very simple. As Tizio said, "She's not fit for wickedness. It's too roundabout and fatiguing." She has two lovers. One of these is just our old friend Dobbin under another name—the bluff, honest, kindly idealess, faithful British soldier. The other, the Italian adventurer, gambler, would-be politician, ambitious to build up the fortunes and the palace of the Maddaloni, to which family he does not rightly belong, is merely suggested. But the suggestion is the most interesting thing in the whole book. What pictures of underground, back-stairs Italy Mr. Swift might have made, if he had allowed Hector to have his career out after Rebecca left him. But what is the use of surmising about a man in whom Mr. Swift evidently lost interest, and whom he lets die in prison, that his wife may, with as little scandal as possible, marry her Dobbin? Next to Hector, the false Maddaloni, Lady Middlemass gives the author his best opportunity for subtle handling of character. Her conduct in Naples is crude enough; but in London when, for a sensation,

From Photo by [*Elliott & Fry*

MR. W. R. PATERSON (BENJAMIN SWIFT).

she, the great lady, plays with the little bank clerk Tizio, we are interested, and never cry impossible.

Apart from the story the book alternates between writing much more obvious and writing a great deal better than we have been used to from Mr. Swift. This, for instance, sounds a little unnecessary. "It is a peculiar truth that the unobtrusive use of personal charms, and the indifference with which they sometimes appear to be worn, have an influence more magnetic than a conscious display of them." But a few platitudes are fully made up for by such passages as this: "She only felt that her pleasure had become a sore altar on which her body had been laid to be burned. There, in the city of the sun, she, who had come as a laughing bride, had been taught that our pleasures are chasms and pits. Her few moments of bewildering love had certainly given her a feeling of love's magnificence. But what endless toll-gates and custom-bars must be passed on the road to all wisdom, love's triumphs, battles, bugles being part of the glamour of the way!"—and by assertions like this, "In the end love is as searching as a night wind." But the memorable parts are the pictures of Naples.

* "Siren City." By Benjamin Swift. 6s. (Methuen.)

NOVEL NOTES.

THE ORANGE GIRL. By Walter Besant. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)

Mr. Besant has swung back vigorously to his best days. Old London nobody knows like him; its romance thrills him; and he can make the old houses live again with the revels and loves and crimes of their best days. If he never touched a nineteenth century subject the admiration he excites would grow at least in intensity. He has a bolder, freer, stronger touch when out of sight of modern problems. There is something particularly robust and spacious about "The Orange Girl," the life story of a certain musician, William Halliday, who becomes, in turn, the chronicler of the doings of Mistress Jenny Wilmot, orange girl, actress, great lady, convict, and most loyal-hearted of women. These epithets should suggest the various interest of her wonderful career. In the course of the tale we live in the Fleet and consort with the prisoners there, in a prosperous City merchant's mansion, in seamen's taverns, in gambling-houses, in thieves' kitchens, in Newgate, as well as in pleasant corners of old London, fit backgrounds for a pair of lovers. In fact, all eighteenth century London and its folk pass before us vividly; we are stirred by its picturesqueness, and shudder in its dark alleys. But prominently standing out from the scenery is the story of a brave woman, who risked everything, not for love, but friendship, and having lost, braved the consequences without flinching.

THE PATH OF A STAR. By Sara Jeannette Duncan (Mrs. Everard Cotes). 6s. (Methuen.)

Mrs. Cotes has never written anything which has given us such a sense of her power, though she has written many things

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN (MRS. EVERARD COTES).

more evenly successful. This is an attempt at a far more serious treatment of human nature than we generally associate with her. We are not wont to encourage writers with so charming and graceful and happy a touch as hers to stray out of the bright and sunny road, where they entertain us all the way, for the sake of writing a serious book. In an artistic sense her work has generally been serious enough. But here she gives such abundant proof of a capacity for dealing profoundly with character that, whether she receive encouragement or not from her numerous admirers, her present experiment is sure to be followed up by others of a kindred nature. There is far less grace and facility about it than about her earlier stories; and there is a want of steadiness of purpose. She states a most interesting problem, guesses the answer, we are sure, quite correctly, and then shrinks from giving it. She contrives a quite comfortable ending at the expense of a good deal of interest. The scene is Calcutta, a varied, picturesque Calcutta, little known from guide-books. The principal characters are a fascinating English actress, with genius and a future, a perfervid and very lovely young woman captain in the Salvation Army, a clever and beautiful society lady, an Anglican priest of a strict order (an intolerable personage), and a young Calcutta business man belonging to the fashionable world. The actress falls in love with the Anglican priest, the fashionable young man with the Salvationist; and Mrs. Cotes brings them very near to the tragedy of obtaining their desires. The Salvationist is returning with her trousseau from England, when she finds a more congenial spirit in Colonel Markin, S.A., for whom she jilts the wealthy and fashionable young man. The actress, despairing of winning any human affection from the man, or iceberg, of her choice, has actually become a novice in a religious institution in Calcutta, that she may see him constantly and do work kindred to his own. This is most uncomfortable, of course; and Mrs. Cotes has to kill the priest to save Hilda for her art. Now Hilda, no doubt, should have wedded her art; and the clever and beautiful society lady should have married Lindsay; and the lovely Salvationist would have been miserable in a fashionable *milieu*, even if she had been given *carte blanche* to convert it. Mrs. Cotes can plead all that. Only life arranges things less neatly, and the end gives us a sense more of desperate rescue than reality. But the first part, which describes the charm that held the sophisticated Lindsay spell-bound in the presence of the lovely uneducated English girl in the Eastern dress, whose life was devoted to the service of what his "set" were bound to look on as a very vulgar form of faith; which tells how Hilda, the actress, most modern in mind, brilliant, unconventional, and an honest devotee of her profession, gave her heart to the austere and stockish saint; and how the clever and beautiful society lady looked on wondering, and honestly willing to sacrifice her own love the while—all that is profoundly interesting and real. Human nature is sounded in some of its depths, delicately touched, too, with pathos and sympathy. Then such minor matters as the life of the touring company in Calcutta and the methods and *personel* of the Salvation Army, are presented with the cleverness we expect from Mrs. Cotes, though with hardly her usual strong simplicity of style. And that she has not, after the fashion of real life, wrecked some fine lives in the storms of their own wayward hearts, will be counted mostly to the merit of her book.

PUNCHINELLO. 6s. (Bowden.)

There is an uncommon power in this tragic tale. It has gripped us from the first pitiful chapter, where the child, Anthony, eager to go to the ball in a soldier's gold lace and plumes, learns that he is a hunchback and a dwarf. It is a sad book, bitterly sad, simply because it is so bitterly true. The proud, sensitive, artist-soul, passionately in love with strength and beauty, morbidly conscious of weakness and defect, is always doomed to a life of suffering, though interwoven with rare and beautiful strands of happiness. Music, love, jealousy, and vain regret and longing, these give the outline of Punchinello's history. He is successful as a composer, and he wins the loveliest of brides, but his morbid suspicions are his bane. For his first anthem he chooses the words, which are to prove the epitome of his life:

"*Love is strong as death; many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it.*

Jealousy is cruel as the grave: the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame."

The *Himmelsfrieden* and the *Höllenqual* of his motto have their turn. He is deceived by a vulgar and puny-hearted woman, to whom flirtation is an easy game and a boy an easy prey, and who wins his love, and plays with it only to throw it shamelessly aside when her selfish purpose is served; and when he is worthily loved his jealousy breaks his young wife's heart. To the reader the jealousy and misunderstanding seem very unnecessary; a word of explanation would have put everything right. But then, as everybody knows, it is just these unnecessary misunderstandings and these words of explanation left unspoken that make such tragedies as Punchinello's. In every single point he has and holds our sympathy; in his morbid sensitiveness to his deformity; in his fierce hatred of the boy who had first told him of it, and his fiercer hatred when that same boy long afterwards saves his life; in his incredulous horror at the faithlessness of his first love; in his passionate adoration for Nan in all her weathercock moods; in his frenzied jealousy and in his pitiful, insane despair. "Punchinello" is not a bright book, nor an elaborately conceived book, nor a book to appeal to practical people with well-regulated minds, but it is a book written with the understanding and the heart, and will strike a responsive chord in many.

THE BLACK TERROR. By John K. Leys. (Low.)

Mr. Leys has given his imagination rein this time, and the result is a capital story. It is wildly improbable and impossible of course, but who cares for impossibility when Russian princes are disappearing miraculously to be discovered in durance vile among the islands of the Hebrides, and when the Czar of all the Russias himself is being spirited away by a gang of the most high-principled and courteously considerate ruffians you could wish to meet? Repeatedly our hero runs his neck into the noose and repeatedly he extricates it just as the knot is tightening. He is embroiled with every party, suspected and watched alike by Nihilists and Russian police, and yet has secret understanding with both. Warships are sent to the bottom of the sea, men of high standing are shot in the heart, all on his account. But he comes scatheless through it all, marries the princess, and settles down happily in England. It is a satisfactory book, boldly successful on its own lines. We congratulate Mr. Leys.

MR. J. K. LEYS.

MAMMON AND CO. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Benson has returned to the paths of his first success, a little tired perhaps for the moment of his efforts to attain a serious reputation as a writer of beautiful romances about heroic Greek maidens. There must have been something very exciting in the reception given to "Dodo." No wonder he hankers after a repetition of the same, and gives us "Mammon and Co." His new book has a most serious intention; but the intention is so unmistakably a failure that the less said about it the better. His heroine or his awful warning, Lady Conybeare, he evidently does not believe in himself at the beginning. Save for a dash of schoolboy pluck she is an unmitigated little cad; and when she comes to grief in the end and repents, the repentance has the look of being only the temporary result of a scare. It is difficult to read of her career and sentimentalise over her as does Mr. Benson at the last, as a woman brought, through much affliction, to a sense of the horrors of mammon-worship. We believe that at this moment—she is very real, and we take her existence for granted—she is as cheerful as ever, and as desperately in debt, though her efforts to grab other people's money are more prudent, and she is now too experienced to play the fool with an imbecile like Lord Comber. Mr. Alington, the cool-brained financier, half genius, half fraud, with his silent ways and his exquisite taste in art, will be to a few readers the most impressive figure, though the most popular characters, save one, will be the virtuous young couple Toby and the young American millionaire, whose love-story contains that mixture of material comfort and emotion which never fails to make a wide appeal. But, of course, the book stands or falls not by Mammon and Co., but by Mrs. Murchison. She will be quoted so frequently during the next few months, as her original has been quoted during the last year or two, that it is hardly needful to spread the fame of her magnificent malaprops. But the inventor of "The bar of Marie Antoinette" and the "tombs of the Marmadukes," the describer of the "picturesque streets in Napoli, where the Gomorrah live," and of Luxor, where she threw "piazzas" to the donkey-boys, had best be made acquaintance with at an early date. Her entertainment will pale, but it is quite enlivening while it lasts.

THE CRAZE OF CHRISTINA. By Mrs. Lovett Cameron. 6s. (John Long.)

Mrs. Lovett Cameron has already gained for herself a circle of admirers who take up any new book of hers with a certain eagerness and confidence; but the knowledge of this fact must not tempt her to give them many such productions as "The Craze of Christina." In these pages she goes perilously near in style to the "holiday novelette," and the book's chief merit lies in its brevity; undue length being a mistake which this usually skilful authoress never makes. The story is mainly concerned with a young man, Mark Clifford, and a young woman, Christina. The young man, a poor journalist, succeeds unexpectedly to wealth and property through the death of an uncle; but this good fortune—some £8,000 a year and a home named Esselton Hall—brings him singularly little pleasure from the very outset, he being unable to rise above the depression brought about by the irritating conditions under which he inherits. These conditions are, first, that he shall retain in his service the old butler as long as he lives; secondly, that he shall never leave Esselton Hall for longer than one week at a time on any pretext whatever until the third anniversary of the uncle's death is past; thirdly, that he shall not marry until that same third anniversary is over. How Mark Clifford fared, how he loved, how he failed to fulfil the conditions, and how it all ended is told with a certain brightness and quickness, for Mrs. Lovett Cameron, we verily believe, does not know how to be boring; but the book is not worthy of its authoress; it is vulgar in the strict sense of the word; its specimens of Middleshire "Society," as introduced in chapter ii., are, we feel sure, too cheap and underbred to be possible. Even the designing little heroine, in spite of her wonderful smile, which she found such "a very effective card to play," is merely horrid; and instead of envying Mark Clifford, we pity him from the bottom of our hearts. Christina, with or without a craze, is overtricky and calculating to win our affections. We shall be glad to return to Mrs. Lovett Cameron's more careful and cultivated style.

THE STRANGE STORY OF HESTER WYNNE. By G. Colmore. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

The prologue to this story shows at once the best of the author's power. It is a strong scene, that of the trembling child compelled, as a warning, to stand and watch his father dying in the agony of delirium tremens. The development of this boy, John, fighting heroically against his inherited craving for drink, has interested us more than anything else in the book—more than Hester and her mysterious jewels, more than the villain and his nefarious schemings. The story does not regain the power of its introductory chapter till John again appears upon the scene. But it is a clever mystery all through, and the writer is to be congratulated on a thoroughly creditable bit of work

MISS G. COLMORE.
From Photo by Elliott & Fry.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

BERNARDINO LUINI. By G. C. Williamson. Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture. Illustrated. 5s. net. (Bell)

This series promises to be useful to the general student and lover of art, and certain volumes in the list we look forward eagerly to examining, Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson's Velasquez and Mr. Malcolm Bell's Rembrandt, for example. Dr. Williamson has not had an easy task in compiling this monograph on Luini, of whom hardly anything at all is known biographically, and round whose works hangs considerable doubt. Unless he had written rhetorically about him, like Ruskin, it was difficult to make a popular book. His rhetoric is mostly quotation—and, alas, some of it is vastly inferior to Ruskin's—and he himself has been content to mark off as clearly as possible the various periods of Luini's work, to describe all the pictures and frescoes which may reasonably be assigned to him, and to do his best to explode the popular notion that he was an imitator of and great debtor to Leonardo. (But that notion will crop up again, nevertheless.) For the catalogue of works let us give him our best gratitude. We have little of Luini in our national collection, and it will be a surprise to most to learn how many fine specimens London hides away in private galleries. The frontispiece photogravure of the beautiful St. Catherine of the Hermitage Gallery is excellent, and the numerous other reproductions are quite as good as can be expected in a book at such a popular price. Altogether, the volume will do its work; it will spread an interest in one of the

most fascinating painters of the world, who has been described, with as much accuracy as sentiment, as the painter of "those who pray and those who weep."

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN DONEGAL AND ANTRIM. By Stephen Gwynn. With Illustrations by Hugh Thomson. 6s. (Macmillan.)

This is surely the most charming of guide books. A glance at a page and you are kept reading to the end of the chapter. A glimpse of an illustration and you search diligently to see if there are any more. Donegal is a county that has not been sufficiently appreciated. This book will give it its rights. Antrim is appreciated, but wrongly. Mr. Gwynn knows where to look for its best charm. We do not quite see why Derry is skipped over in so curious a way. Travel books, foreign or domestic, generally combine contiguous districts. But, after all, it matters little. The book is in every way delightful.

MR. STEPHEN GWYNN.
From Photo by Wm. Clark, Bristol.

FUGITIVES. By Winifred Lucas. 3s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

Miss Lucas refines on the refinement of "Units." The voice of her muse grows still softer and remoter from vulgar hurrying ears. But if you are within its range you hear something very gentle and altogether genuine. Her expression is not easy, and it grows less so; but we do not expostulate before she has overstepped the boundary of the obscure. She is still on the right side, if you lend her the right mood. What difficulties her verse presents are not produced by careless expression. They are subtleties, not subtleties of the intellect, but of the heart. There is abundance of humanity for such as have the leisure and the delicacy to seek it and feel it. And now and then she attains to a happy directness and simplicity in the utterance of emotion, which proves her to have the true lyric gift, as in these lines that speak of Death.

A robber fierce of will was he
In deed belied;—
Who, fain to steal, could only free,
For, at his impotent decree,
Has ever love or beauty died?

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Aspirant.—It is quite evident that you have the poetic fervour, and that you are deeply in earnest. I can quite understand that "faint praise" simply irritates you. You shall have none from me. What you want is *study*. Any good grammar book with a section on prosody will give you what you need for a foundation, but you will learn most from reading good poetry. I think you have chosen your employment very wisely. It ought to be congenial; it affords you good opportunities for acquiring knowledge; and it need not always be unremunerative. Never trust to poetry for money. But go on with your "practising." Your ideas are vigorous, and there is promise in your work. I cannot particularise among the pieces. All show a forceful imagination struggling to express itself in a form and language as yet unmastered. Send me something else later after you have read and conned your Spenser and Shakespeare and Tennyson. Many thanks for your kind words about the Young Author's Page.

J. Bell.—These are very bright and readable little articles. Certainly I think you have the aptitude. I should think most papers of any standing would pay for what they use, especially if you let it be known that you expect it. You should write short descriptive reports of any interesting functions or services you attend, and offer them to the papers that use such things.

Carl Eversley.—I fear there is no great market for such articles, even so pleasantly written as yours. Your best hope would be a local paper, circulating among the people of the district you describe. The popular magazines are given over to articles on practical up-to-date subjects and to stories.

D. I. T.—You have excellent descriptive powers, and write good English. This series of sketches, however, is hardly suitable for publication, though good as practice. A little more narrative and a little less description and you may write a pretty and pathetic story.

Ella Hood.—You write very correctly, and might, I think, write nice children's stories.

Harry F.—Both stories lack character. You have the ideas, but you do not make them *tell*. You write naturally and effectively, in description, and as you gain experience of life and of human nature you may write more convincingly. The typewritten story is pleasant, and you might get light sketches in this vein accepted by some of the weekly papers. But leave tragedy till you are older.

L. J. F.—You are a fluent writer, and have some humour and observation. But your subject is a very trivial one—not worth the labour you have expended upon it. Your work is promising for a first attempt, especially as you are so young. Choose some more interesting subject for your next story, and send it to me in a month or two.

Max.—There is some dignity and eloquence in this fragment, especially in the latter part, but there is also a good deal of turgid exaggeration. There is no harm in your continuing to work at the tale if you have leisure, but do not let it interfere with more serious pursuits.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Chadwick, Right Rev. G. A.—Aids to Belief, 1/6.....Hodder
[*A series of Lenten sermons on Christian evidences, preached in Derry Cathedral last spring.*]
Fisher, R. H.—The Four Gospels, 1/6 .....Hodder
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The Expository Times. Ed. by James Hastings, D.D., 7/6 T. & T. Clark
[*The tenth volume of this valuable publication, including the numbers October, 1898—November, 1899. A good portrait of Professor Swete forms the frontispiece.*]

FICTION.

Barry, J. A.—Against the Tides of Fate, 3/6 .....Duckworth
Benson, E. F.—Mammon and Co., 6/- .....Heinemann
[*See p.* 31.]
Besant, Sir W.—The Orange Girl, 6/- .....Chatto
[*See p.* 30.]
Brown, C. Rae-.—The Shadow on the Manse, 3/6 .....Greening
[*The story of a Scotch minister who had been an actor, and two women, also on the stage, who loved him. One of them he marries, the other dies. The story is an interesting one and well told.*]
Buchan, J.—A Lost Lady of Old Years, 6/- .....Lane
Burton, J. Bloundelle-.—A Bitter Heritage, 6/- .....Cassell
Capes, B.—Our Lady of Darkness, 6/- .....Blackwood
Clifford, H.—In a Corner of Asia (Overseas Library), 1/6 ....Unwin
Cotes, Mrs. E.—The Path of a Star, 6/-.....Methuen
[*See p.* 30.]
Cowan, A. R.—The History of a Kiss, 5/-.....Unwin
[*The story would be just as interesting without the somewhat silly and unnecessary incident which supplies the title. Such interest as there is, is of a commonplace order, and the characters show a sad lack of loyalty to their friends and lovers.*]
Crockett, S. R.—Kit Kennedy, 6/-.....Clarke
[*See p.* 28.]
Croker, B. M.—Terence.....Chatto
Edwardes, A.—A Plaster Saint, 3/6 .....Chatto
Fenn, G. M.—A Crimson Crime, 6/-.....Chatto
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Hatton, J.—When Rogues Fall Out, 6/-.....Pearson
Hawtrey, G. P.—Caramella, 6/-.....Arrowsmith
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Hope, A.—The King's Mirror, 6/-.....Methuen
[*See p.* 26.]
Hyne, C.—Further Adventures of Captain Kettle, 6/-.....Pearson
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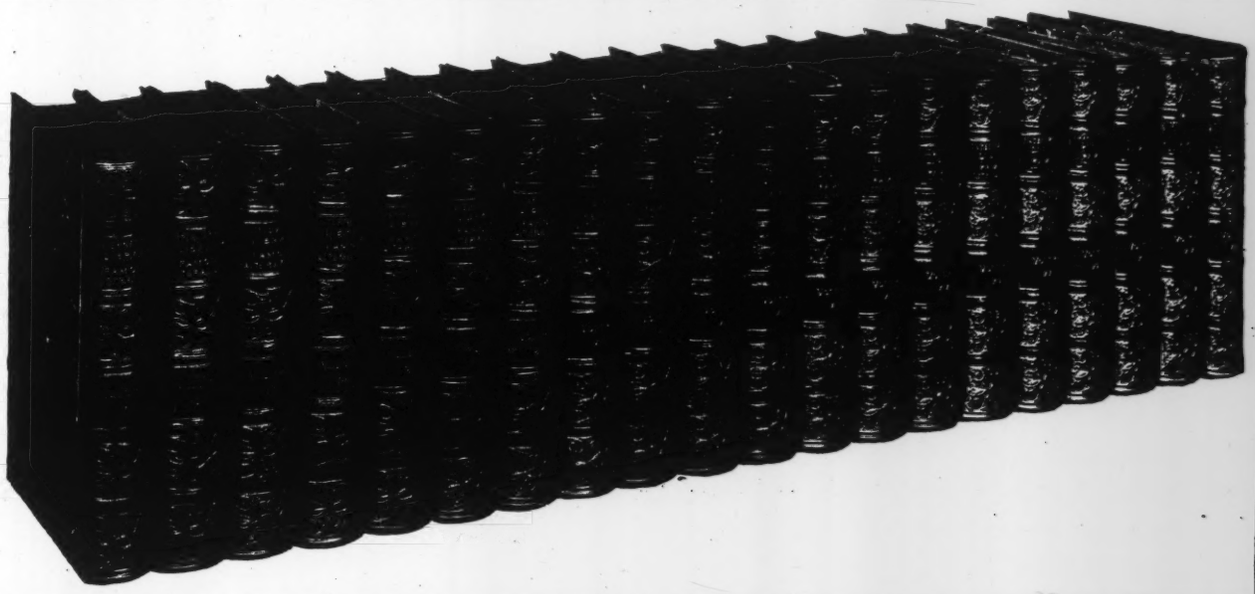

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F. L. MAWDESLEY, DELWOOD CROFT, YORK.

Idler Magazine, June, 1893.
New Monthly Magazine, Nov., 1840 (No. 239).
Anti-Jacobin Review, vol. 13.

A. AND R. MILNE, ABERDEEN.

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